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August 6, 1938

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Jim Marshall Sax Rohmer Kyl[illegible]

Edward L. McKenna

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AUGUST 6, 1938

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Drink CUE for Picnic Time!

by ED SULLIVAN . . . Famous Columnist

"Try this Gin Sour to give thirst-aid to wilted guests at barbecues or picnics! Refreshing and flavorful, it's a national Summer favorite. And Hiram Walker's super-smooth gins win first prize as the preferred ingredient in this delicious 'cooler'. Actual figures show that America buys more Hiram Walker gins than any other kind!"

HOW TO MAKE

Gin Sours

FOR TWO

2 teaspoons Powdered Sugar
Juice of 1 Lime
Juice of 1 Lemon
*3 ozs. Hiram Walker's Gin**

Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glasses and fill up with carbonated water. Decorate with fruit as desired.

*For perfect results from any gin recipe, insist upon Hiram Walker Gins. They're made by Hiram Walker's exclusive Controlled Condensation Process that insures uniformly smooth, perfect flavor in every bottle.

AMERICA BUYS MORE HIRAM WALKER GINS THAN ANY OTHER KIND

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THE *NEW* LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE *has sold me completely!*

supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

[C_{14} H_{27} O_5 S Na]

Luster-Foam's dainty, gentle "bubble bath" surges into tiny cracks, pits, and fissures seldom properly cleansed, where various dental authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of decay starts.

Think of a tooth paste that may reduce dental troubles amazingly . . . that cleanses danger areas where even water seldom enters . . . that swiftly combats dangerous decay-causing acids and sweeps away germs that accompany them.

These are the benefits you get with the new, *energized* tooth paste . . . the New Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam (C_{14} H_{27} O_5 S Na).

Luster-Foam detergent is not a soap yet it has penetrating power far beyond that of soap . . . beyond that of water.

That is why it gets into those tiny danger areas between the teeth, at the gum line, on bite surfaces, and cleanses them so effectively. You yourself can see what such super cleansing might mean, over the years, in reducing dental troubles.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, this magic Luster-Foam detergent foams into a dainty, fragrant "bubble bath" (20,000 bubbles to the square inch), faintly perceptible, but, oh, how effective! Surging over and between the teeth, it performs an *unfelt*, but none the less *real* miracle of cleansing.

Then Luster-Foam surges into remote spots which ordinary pastes and powders, even water, may never reach . . . the 60 "blind spots" between the teeth and at the gum line where germs breed and decay acids form . . . where many authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of decay starts.

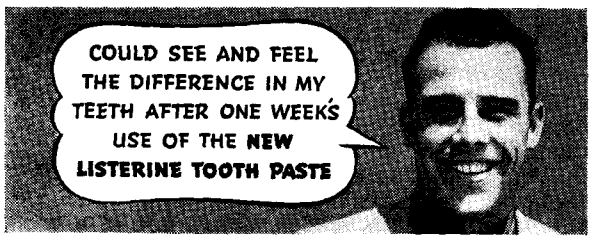
Now Luster-Foam reaches them . . . and because it does, dental trouble may be reduced.

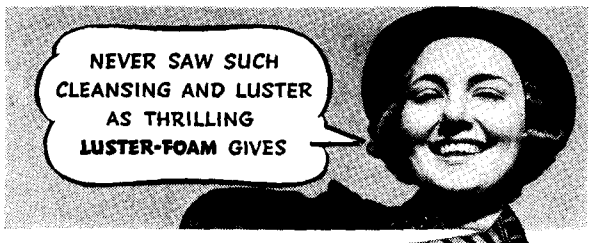
Get the modern, new Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter. In economical 25¢ and 40¢ sizes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

CONSUMER JURY CRAZY ABOUT LUSTER-FOAM

With all brand names concealed, a large Women's Consumer Jury voted as follows: Against one leading brand, the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam was a two to one favorite. Against the next two, a decided favorite. Against a fourth, a very slight edge. The verdict of the men's consumer jury was essentially the same with the exception that the fourth paste reversed the women's results slightly. The comments below are typical:





supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

[C_{14} H_{27} O_5 S Na]

FOR *Super-cleansing*

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WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Next Week

THREE days after Peter Levine was kidnapped the telephone rang in his father's house. "This is Mr. X," a voice said. "I have your child and as soon as you pay the ransom he will be returned to you." "Tell me how to pay it," Peter's father pleaded. But he hadn't been talking to the criminal; it was just a newspaper reporter who wanted confirmation of the kidnapping.

That made the headlines—and the body of young Peter Levine was washed up on the shore of Long Island Sound. In "Death in Headlines," J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, in an interview with Quentin Reynolds, lashes out at the newshawks who have put sensationalism ahead of regard for human life. In hitherto untold stories he shows how a headline can spell murder.

ANY girl might have been sure that the man she loved was innocent of theft; no one but Kari Valgard would have believed it for just her reason; to wit, that her beloved, Buck Chapin, wasn't clever enough. It was the introduction of this good Scotch common sense, however, into the weird tangle of Oriental intrigue at the oasis "Near Baghdad" that in the end brought the villain of the piece to well-merited confusion. In addition to its exotic setting, you will find in this story by Harold Lamb all the elements that belong to romance in the land of the Thousand and One Nights.

LUCILLE CARROLL brought back with her from her travels an unfair advantage. She had become a cosmopolite. What chance had her pre-college contemporaries against such competition? And what chance had Ronnie, the leader of the younger set? "A Touch of Heartbreak," by Josephine Bentham, shows you.

OUR most brilliant inspiration on how to help you disregard the hot weather comes in the form of an article called "Sheik Food." Our theory being that whatever goes well under the scorching desert sun will restore languid appetites in the dog days here. And the theory turns out to be exactly right.

THE adventures of Roger Gaige and Judith Bereston didn't really get going until after they were married. Each knew that the other was a gambler, but they thought they could reform. "Saratoga," by John Cheever, chronicles the result.

PAUL JONES, Dorothy Ducas, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Kathleen Norris, Freling Foster and others complete the list.

Collier's

August 6, 1938

This Week

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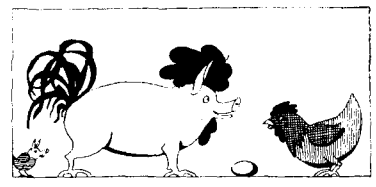
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Any Week

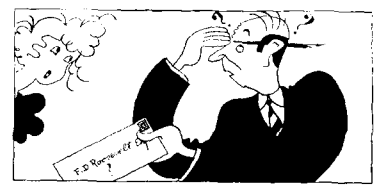
NOW, thanks to Mr. George T. Noell of Kansas City, Missouri, we can all go back to work. We've known for some time that recovery and other desirable ends have eluded America simply because nobody has been thinking about anything except who's going to be the next President. Personally, the mystery has had us in a pretty nasty state. If you and our bosses hadn't been in a similarly bemused condition it would have been even more noticeable that our work hasn't been earthquaking lately. But it's all right now. From Mr. Noell we've just received the facts. Says he: "The next Democratic National Convention will be deadlocked for a week. No candidate will be able to get a sufficient number of delegates behind him. Then Franklin Delano Roosevelt will address the convention by radio from Washington. He will say he is not a candidate and then will appeal to them to keep their minds fixed upon their duties to a progressive America. Such will be the effect of his masterpiece that the deadlock will dissolve in a frenzy and President Roosevelt will be nominated by acclamation. Our next President will be Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

HOWEVER, by that time we shall all be in the chicken business. That's clear from the shoals of mail we're getting about J. D. Ratcliff's "Pullet Paradise." Vast numbers of our readers inform us that wealth, health and happiness are the inevitable rewards of chicken ranchers and that they're getting into it before the rush begins. If this keeps up, the only problem left will be to find enough chicken consumers. Numbers of those writing for "further information" ask us to guard their secret—that they're going into the chicken business. Chicken raising



seems to be the ultimate aim of all policemen and firemen. Personally, we're beginning to weaken, too. We got pretty well worked up about a letter from Mrs. Lanny McDermot of Seattle, Washington, a cop's wife. She wants to know "whether Wyandotte chickens are better layers than Durocs." We began looking into it and were going well until we discovered that Durocs aren't chickens. We have decided to stick to Guernseys when we get into the business. They're easier to tame.

WE HAVE been accused—unjustly of course—of publishing fake letters in this column. And sometimes we don't blame you for being a bit suspicious. There are times when we don't believe it either. This one for example: "Please let me know where a letter addressed to President Roosevelt will reach him in Washington," writes Mr. T. K. McDaniel of Havana, Cuba. "I have something that will be of great interest."



ANYWAY, something will have to be done. Here's one from Mr. F. Forrester Chase of Los Angeles, California, confirming an old suspicion of ours that the country amounts almost to a pretty kettle of fish. "A few years ago," writes Mr. Chase, "a man was walking down the street with a bottle of whisky in one pocket and a five-dollar gold piece in the other. He was arrested for having the liquor. The other day he was walking down the same street similarly equipped. He was arrested for having the five-dollar gold piece."

AND Mr. D. C. Loveland of Ogden, Utah, discovers in this magazine the information that there are 25,000 ways of making a living in the United States. "Maybe so," says Mr. Loveland, "but who cares? Check on the million or so ways there are of getting a living here without earning it—in fact, without working. The United States has one of the world's largest government bureaus thinking up new ways all the time. If it keeps up, our national motto will be changed to Only Suckers Work."

DR. H. WANDPFLUG of Key West, Florida, invites us to publish the essay he attaches to his letter. The letter's in English, the essay in German. "For a consideration named by me," writes the doctor, "I will translate what I have written for you to publish. Heil, Hitler."

"I HAVE a plan," writes Mrs. Florence Balsam of Danville, Illinois, "to do away with all relief and save the country billions. Can you give me the name of the proper authorities to write to who want to end relief?"

TRY Harry Hopkins. W. D.

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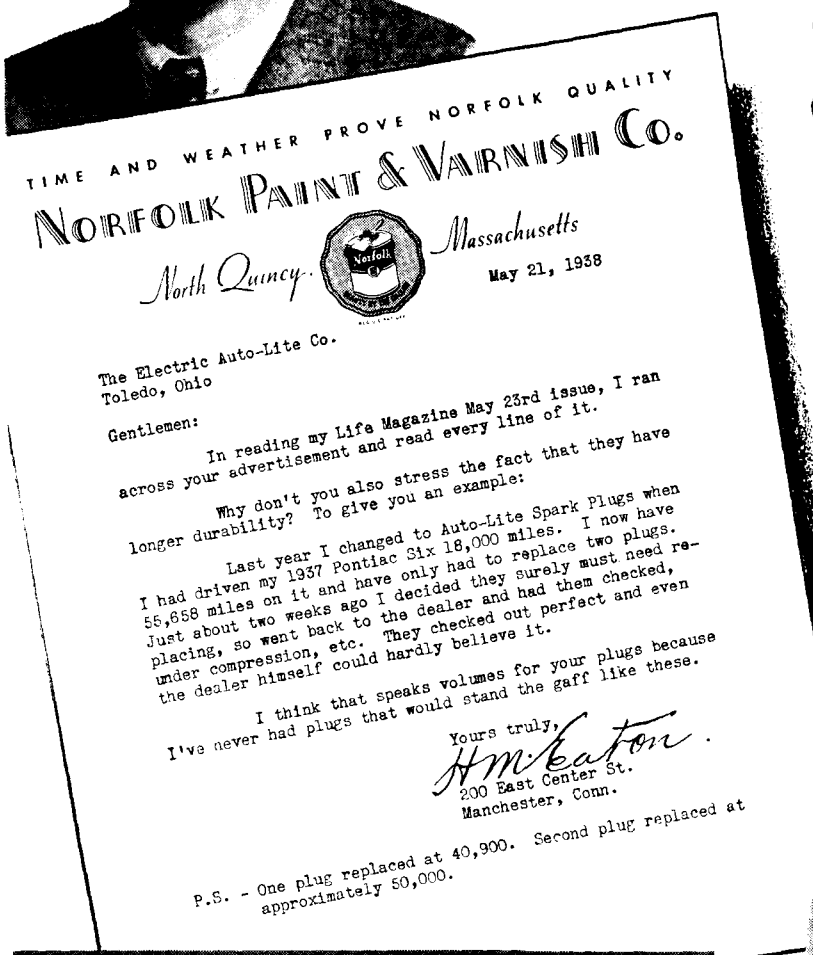
NEW KIND OF SPARK PLUG LASTS LONGER TOO!


TIME AND WEATHER PROVE NORFOLK QUALITY

NORFOLK PAINT & VARNISH CO.

North Quincy, Massachusetts

May 21, 1938

The Electric Auto-Lite Co.
Toledo, Ohio

Gentlemen:

In reading my Life Magazine May 23rd issue, I ran across your advertisement and read every line of it.

Why don't you also stress the fact that they have longer durability? To give you an example:

Last year I changed to Auto-Lite Spark Plugs when I had driven my 1937 Pontiac Six 18,000 miles. I now have 55,658 miles on it and have only had to replace two plugs. Just about two weeks ago I decided they surely must need replacing, so went back to the dealer and had them checked, under compression, etc. They checked out perfect and even the dealer himself could hardly believe it.

I think that speaks volumes for your plugs because I've never had plugs that would stand the gaff like these.

Yours truly,
H. M. Eaton
200 East Center St.
Manchester, Conn.

P.S. - One plug replaced at 40,900. Second plug replaced at approximately 50,000.

New Auto-Lite Spark Plugs

❶ PEP UP PICKUP ❷ STEP UP TOP SPEED ❸ MAKE STARTING EASIER ❹ SAVE GASOLINE ❺ OUTWEAR OTHER PLUGS!

Car Owners Everywhere Endorse Significant Improvement In Spark Plug Performance

We have been telling you that the new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs improve car performance 4 important ways—gasoline saving—easier starting—better top speed—peppier pickup. But Auto-Lite users tell us we haven't told all the story about this sensational new type spark plug. They say they are getting truly amazing plug mileage *without* replacements.

Auto-Lite engineers designed what they thought would be America's *most durable* as well as *most efficient* spark plug. They worked out a new formula for insulation that stood up in laboratory tests better than any spark plug they could find.

And now the bouquets are coming in from car owners who put them in their cars last year.

At the left we reproduce one of these letters. Read this unsolicited evidence of Auto-Lite superiority. It will help you decide *which spark plugs to put in your car!*

Auto-Lite Spark Plugs, engineered by *ignition* engineers *last longer, put new life in your motor!*

Dealers and Service Stations: Millions of motorists are being told in dynamic advertising the benefits of this sensational new spark plug. Write The Electric Auto-Lite Co., Dept. C8, Toledo, Ohio, for details of the 1938 merchandising plan.

BOTH FOUR STAR ★★★★ PERFORMERS
AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

DANIELLE DARRIEUX IN THE RAGE OF PARIS
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

AUTO-LITE *Parade of Stars*

Lovely, exotic Parisienne DANIELLE DARRIEUX, in her new Universal picture "The Rage of Paris" leads the 1938 Parade of Stars. Ask your Auto-Lite dealer for an autographed photograph.

New Ziramic Insulator avoids spark plug replacements due to insulator failures caused by heat, electrical and mechanical shock.

New Konium Electrode with "geometric" gap design reduces stress on entire ignition system. This increases certainty of firing every charge —*stops gas waste.*

Ask for AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

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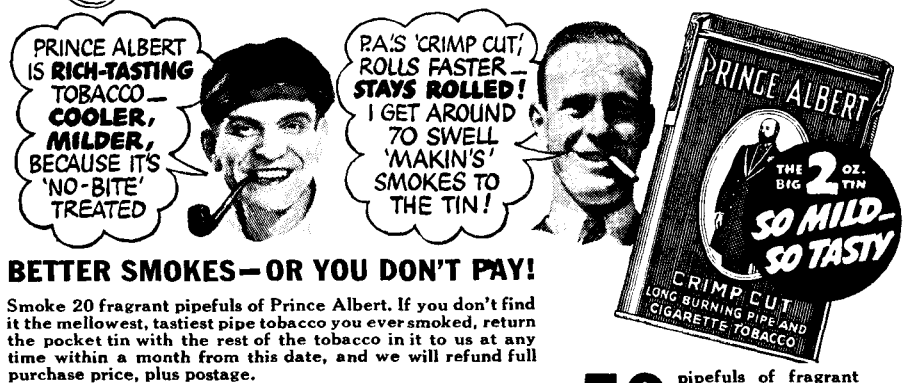
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'
TRAILER TRIP
COUSIN EDGAR CERTAINLY SHOWS US A GRAND TIME WHEN WE VISIT HIS CAMP DOESN'T HE, CHUBBINS ?
AT LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, NEW HAMPSHIRE
YES, AND I'M ALL EXCITED ABOUT YOUR BEING THE CHIEF AND I THE PRINCESS, IN THE CAMP COUNSELLOR'S PLAY TODAY!
HELLO, UNCLE! HELLO, CHUBBINS! HURRY AND GET INTO YOUR COSTUMES. WE'RE ALMOST READY TO START
AT COUSIN EDGAR'S CAMP
HAIL, CHIEF SHINING WATERS. I BEAR MESSAGES OF PEACE FROM OUR TRIBE TO YOURS
LET US DISCUSS PEACE, BRAVE WARRIOR. I AM WEARY OF OUR ETERNAL WARFARE
FATHER, HE IS HANDSOME. I AM PLEASED
A PLAY BASED ON AN OLD INDIAN LEGEND
LAST ACT:
AND NOW, CHIEF SHINING WATERS, WE HAVE MADE THE PEACE. TO KEEP IT FAITHFULLY AND LASTINGLY, I ASK YOU FOR THE HAND OF YOUR BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, THE PRINCESS
MY DAUGHTER SMILES, AND IT IS WELL WITH ME TOO. BE IT SO. WELCOME, SON, INTO OUR TRIBE
I AM GRATEFUL AND HAPPY. I HUMBLY OFFER YOU THIS GIFT OF OUR FINEST TOBACCO FOR THE PEACE-PIPE
CONGRATULATIONS, JUDGE, YOU MAKE A GRAND INDIAN CHIEF
WELL, SIR, I CAN SEE YOUR GUIDING HAND BEHIND THE PRINCE ALBERT FOR THAT PEACE-PIPE
AFTER THE PLAY.....
JUDGE, I THINK YOU'LL AGREE, THAT FOR A PEACEFUL, FRIENDLY SMOKE, THERE'S NOTHING TO BEAT PRINCE ALBERT!
RIGHT YOU ARE. IT'S REALLY SURPRISING HOW SUCH A MILD TOBACCO AS P.A. CAN BE SO RICH-TASTING AS WELL

"AND IN THIS CORNER... THE WORLD'S CHAMPION PIPE TOBACCO"
(UNBEATEN, TOO, FOR "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES)


PRINCE ALBERT IS RICH-TASTING TOBACCO— COOLER, MILDER, BECAUSE IT'S 'NO-BITE' TREATED
P.A.'S 'CRIMP CUT' ROLLS FASTER— STAYS ROLLED! I GET AROUND 70 SWELL 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES TO THE TIN!
PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OZ. TIN
SO MILD— SO TASTY
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

BETTER SMOKES—OR YOU DON'T PAY!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.
(*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Up to a few years ago in certain mountainous sections of this country, many small communities were in such remote places that the circuit-riding minister sometimes was unable to visit them for months, even years. Hence when he did arrive, it was not uncommon to hold the funeral service for a wife long dead, perform the marriage ceremony for the widower and his second wife, and baptize their baby.

A widespread misconception about the American flag is that each star represents a particular state and that the stars are arranged in the order in which the states entered the Union. Actually the stars represent the states collectively, not individually, and no word to the contrary can be found in any government document.

As the seizure of radio stations would be one of the first objectives of revolutionists or invading armies, Broadcasting House in London is equipped with numerous protective devices, including sliding steel shutters on all doors and windows. Likewise its transmitters, throughout the country, are heavily guarded and so self-contained that they could broadcast for months, if cut off from all supplies.

Sports records have been bettered considerably in the past generation or two. Since 1877 the pole-vault record has been advanced from 9 ft., 7 in., to 14 ft., 11 in. Since 1876 the record for the high jump has been increased from 5 ft., 5 in., to 6 ft., 9¾ in. Since 1878 the mile has been lowered from 4 min., 51.4 sec., to 4 min., 6.4 sec. And since 1887 the shot-put record has been raised from 43 ft., 11 in., to 57 ft., 1 in.

Under British law, a "Good Samaritan" who summons a physician for a stranger who has been taken ill in a public place is obliged to pay the doctor's bill when the victim cannot or will not assume the obligation.

The world's largest statue of Christ stands on the top of Hunchback Mountain, about 2,400 feet above the city of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. This statue, made of concrete and modernistic in design, is 110 feet in height, or more than four times taller than the famous "Christ of the Andes."

The belief that snakes do not die until sundown is probably based on the fact that their nerve reflexes sometimes continue to function and respond to stimuli after death. In one case they caused a snake to bite a man fatally after it had been not only dead for more than an hour but also skinned.

On Good Friday, 1825, a sailor's mother awaited his return home at her tavern in Devons Road, London. She saved a hot cross bun for him, but he did not return, having died at sea. Every year since, in the dining room of this inn, now called "The Widow's Son," another bun has been added to the hanging cluster, a quaint memorial of a mother's love.

Pope Lando (913-914), the 122d pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church, was the last one to add a new name to the papal list. The names of the 139 popes who have reigned since Lando's time were selected from those borne by predecessors.—*By Sidney Haas, Los Angeles, California.*

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CHOOSE CHEVROLET THE SIX SUPREME

CHEVROLET LEADS THE SIXES

SIXES LEAD THE WORLD

CHEVROLET

Chevrolet—the Six Supreme—is the only low-priced car with all the following fine car features:

PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES • 85-H.P. VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE • GENUINE KNEE-ACTION* • ALL-SILENT, ALL-STEEL BODY • SHOCKPROOF STEERING* • TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH* • (ON MASTER DE LUXE MODELS ONLY)

SEE YOUR LOCAL CHEVROLET DEALER

WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDER OF SIXES

CHEVROLET

The Six Supreme

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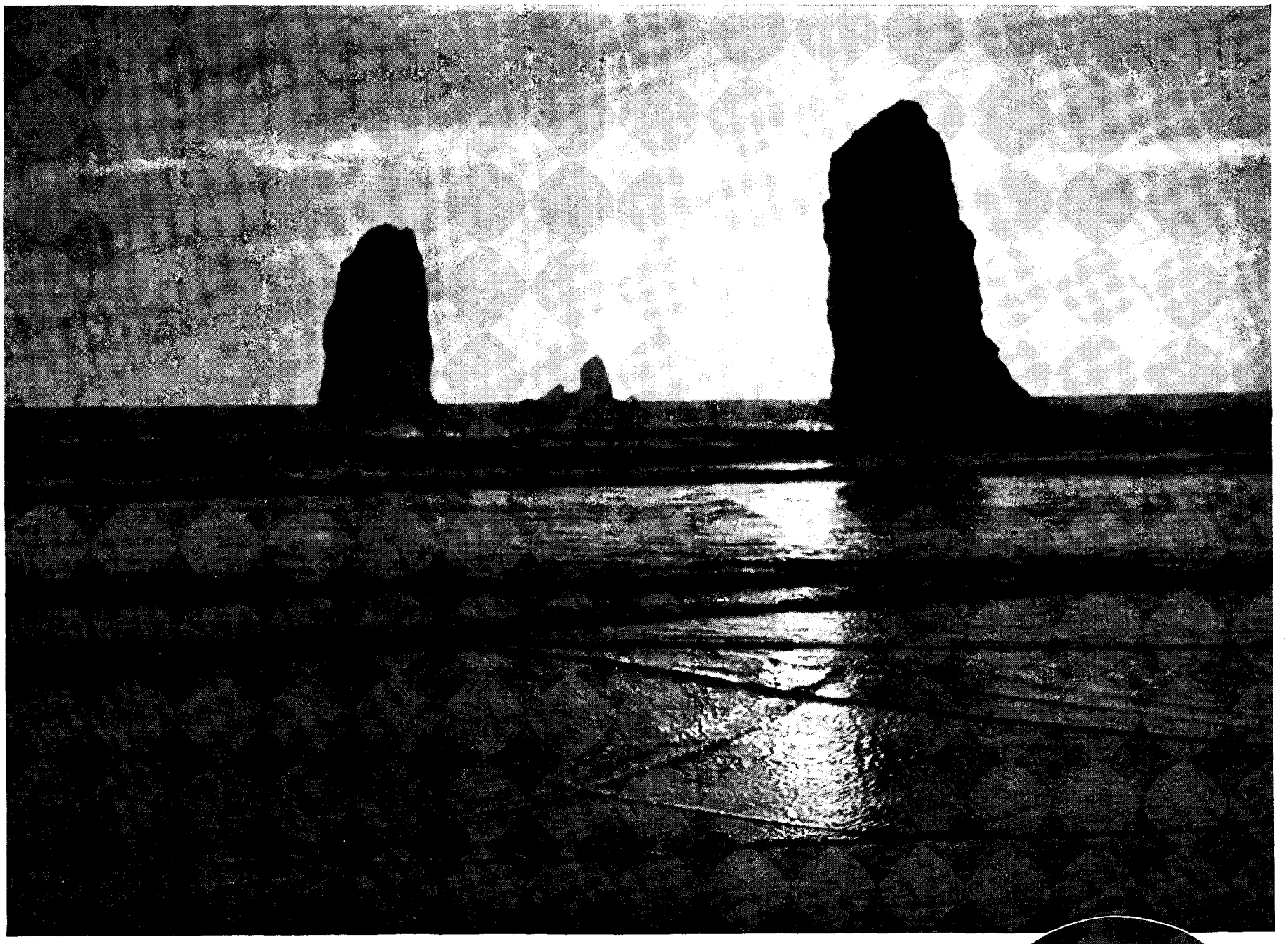
TO THE *Beach* OR A *Bridge game*

AN ENGINE KEPT CLEAN WITH *Distilled Oil* RUNS MORE SMOOTHLY



Sunset at Cannon Beach, Oregon

HERE'S why an engine kept clean with Havoline can bring you more enjoyment whether you use your car for long drives or just to run around town.

You get more power, faster getaways, smoother running! For Havoline is tar-free. It does not leave power-stealing tarry residues.

You get more from your gasoline. For Havoline does not deposit the hard carbon that causes knocking, that wears down piston rings and makes valves stick.

You save on repair bills, because Havoline leaves no harmful gritty deposits to cause excess wear.

Havoline does these things because it's distilled. Every drop of it is first turned to vapor to eliminate dangerous impurities. No finer oil could be made. So why not let Havoline help you get more pleasure from your car? It's on sale at Texaco and other good dealers everywhere.

MADE FROM PARAFFIN BASE CRUDE

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS • *Affiliated with* THE TEXAS COMPANY

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Collier's The National Weekly for August 6, 1938

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Hollywood ctor

By Budd Wilson Schulber

There was a tinkling crash as Pat's glass slipped from his hand and broke on the floor

Of a Galahad who forgot his shining armor

YOU know how it is when a gang of us writers sit around in the Brown Derby. Sometimes we sit around, as Thurber says, not so much listening as waiting for an opening. But once in a while we hit on something really interesting.

This time, for instance, we were chewing the rag about familiar Hollywood characters, like Oscar, the bootblack; Bob, that stalwart sentinel of the Trocadero; and Angelo, the friendly little dwarf who peddles papers on Hollywood Boulevard.

Somebody said, "Speaking of favorite newsboys, what ever became of Chester?"

Chester was a poor kid with a body gnarled and twisted like an old oak; he used to stand all night outside the Derby. I used to like the way he held his papers firmly with his one good arm, the patient way he threw his body out in front of him when he walked, the real humor he would reflect in the half of his face that wasn't completely paralyzed. I used to buy a paper from him as if he were any other guy in the business, neither looking away from him nor staring, and after a couple of months we were pretty good friends.

So I said, "Boys, if I ever really told you what happened to Chester you'd all dash home and write it. It's that good."

"Cross my heart," Joe Shea said. "I promise not to cop it. Not all of it anyway. Ain't we fellow members of the Screen Writers' Guild?"

"Yeah, pal," said another guy—Jack Michels, who had been writing nothing but gangster pictures since 1931—"spill it."

I looked at my watch. We had half an hour before getting down to the fights at the Olympic. "You win," I said, "I'll try to cut it short." . . .

I'll have to go back to the time I was writing that South Sea epic for Zorelik. That was during his dude-ranch period. Somebody got him in a corner at a party and convinced him he was too sick to go on working in Hollywood, and if you know Zorry, he didn't need much per-

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suasion. So he picked himself out a little rest home in the hottest and driest part of Arizona he could find, and he picked out a writer to toy with for a couple of weeks and it turned out to be me.

The day I arrived the mercury vaulted over the hundred and ten mark, so we decided to create between the hours of nine in the evening and midnight. From then on in, I had plenty of time to toast the soft white dough that my body was getting to be. And that's how I happened to get to know Pat O'Sheel so well.

Pat was a big, handsome guy who must have been over thirty though he still looked like a sophomore football star. He was pretty tanned, but you could tell from his eyes that he hadn't come out here for the fun of it. Dark, deep rings were cut into his face beneath his eyes, and there were telltale hollows between his jaw and his cheekbone.

When I finally asked him how long he was planning to stay, all he said was, "Till I get well." He wasn't anxious to do much talking at first. It turned out he had t.b. I was still enough of a newspaperman to feel there was a great story in him, if only by the way he fought against my getting a foot inside the door of his mind.

But suddenly, two weeks later, he had to drop the latch and before I knew it I was all the way in. I happened to be standing at the desk when I heard him checking out. A friendly face comes in mighty handy out there in Arizona, so I asked him why he was going so soon. "I guess I'm all well," he said. It was so obvious that he wasn't all well that I got interested. "Where are you going?" I asked. "Back to New York, I suppose," he said. He said it like he was saying back to Devil's Island, and I didn't like to see a nice good-looking guy like that suffer, so I said, "Come here a minute," and asked him point-blank and he told me.

WE MUST have walked at least a mile through that warm, sticky night, and I said, "Go ahead, I'll hold the bucket," and Pat grinned, with the sense of humor he had about himself even later. "I'll try to keep it from spilling over the edge," he said, and then he poured his heart out, starting at the beginning, before he became a doctor.

He had wanted to be a doctor so bad he had clerked in the basement of a five-and-ten every night to keep himself in medical school. The many nights he had devoured his books until the desk lights became grotesque in the early morning twilight! The frantic struggle of it, and the final pride when Dr. Taylor smiled at him and said, "We are proud of you, O'Sheel. But we expect to be even prouder."

"I can still remember Taylor's last fight talk," Pat said. "Listen—'Ten years ago boys your age were being sent to war—a war against life. Today I, too, send you out to battle, only you are not armed with poison gas and bayonets, but with antiseptic, chloroform and healing hands. For you march not in the path of Alexander and Napoleon, but of Simmelweis, Lister and Pasteur. You need not be ashamed of your war, young men—fight it with courage and honesty—for yours is a war against death!' "

Pat spoke the words like poetry. Then his voice changed key: "I went forth like a twentieth-century Galahad armed with a scalpel instead of a lance. That happened to be early in '29."

From there on it was a variation of an old theme. One morning he woke up gaunt and sunken-eyed, a good-enough doctor to know he couldn't kid himself any longer. He had t.b. Then, when some of his friends chipped in, it was out to Arizona, his spirit drying up like the earth under his feet, his medical ambitions so much thin parchment in a neat black frame. And now his friends' money had sizzled away, too.

I told him I wanted to take care of his hotel bills for a while. He fell all over himself trying to thank me and promising to repay me every way he could.

By this time, Zorry and I were running out of dinner conversation so I told him Pat's story. Right away Zorry was all excited. He's as eager about a new doctor as a playboy with a new dame. As soon as I had finished, he developed a serious case of heart trouble. He had to have Pat right away.

It was interesting to watch Pat go to work on Zorry. I hadn't noticed his hands before, but they were long and lithe and amazingly alive. And as he listened to Zorry's heart through his stethoscope, he seemed to change suddenly from the big, lumbering, good-natured guy he was to a magnificent worker, sensitive, concentrated and confident.

WHEN he finally found virgin soil on Zorry's arm, he shot the injection in, and by morning Zorry was insisting that Pat was the best doctor he had ever had, and why hadn't someone brought him to his attention before. Two weeks of constant treatment and Zorry was beginning to feel like an athlete. And Zorry never was a man to express his gratitude merely with words. Before I knew it Pat was actually paying me back. He was beginning to look healthier, too. And I felt pretty good myself. It looked like I had done that old trick with the one stone.

The day before we left, Zorry announced that he was going to take Pat back to Hollywood with him. He was so impressed he had decided to set up an office for him. The only trouble, Zorry complained, was that Pat wasn't sure if he wanted to go.

Since I had practically become the boy's fairy godmother, I caught him after supper and asked him if he realized that turning down Zorry's offer was like telling old man opportunity to stop knocking—you didn't want to be bothered with peddlers.

"What I can't decide," he said, "is how much that ticket is worth—if I buy it with phony money."

"Pat," I said, "there's nothing wrong with the grammar in that sentence, but it doesn't make sense."

"Maybe this will," Pat said. "I've collected two hundred and fifty dollars in fees from Mr. Zorelik already—and there's nothing wrong with him. Al, I like you. I want you to understand. I robbed him!"

"And now you're afraid you'll go out to Hollywood and go on committing medical theft?" I asked.

"Right," he said, "I'm scared. One of these days I'll find Dr. Taylor sitting on the edge of my bed saying, 'Dr. O'Sheel, fight with courage and honesty.' And then I'll have to hide my head, the way I hid my treatment of his phony-baloney illnesses."

WE WERE pretty genuine friends by then and he wanted to know what to do. I told him that the big money he could put aside if Zorry set him up would be so much velvet with which to do the charity and experimental work he had set his heart on doing.

It sounded pretty good that night. I don't know yet if it's right or wrong. At least I don't think Pat ever gave it a fair test. Zorry gave him an office that looked like a picture set. And of course, with Zorry boasting all over town that he had found a doctor at last who could even cope with his mysterious and malignant ailments, it wasn't long before all the celebrities were coming to him with some of their most famous ailments. I saw Pat now and then when he first came out. He still seemed like a nice guy, though the world was moving so fast for him he had to grab the axis for fear of falling off. He didn't have enough

(Continued on page 32)

"When I get there she's just bored stiff, wanting someone to talk to"

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Inter-Office Memo

By Dale Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

OLD Mr. Peabody, president of the firm, hobbled briskly out of Jim Barnett's door, and bestowed his rare, impish smile upon Miss Allen. For a moment she thought wildly he was going to wink at her.

Mr. Peabody didn't; but Mary Allen laughed softly as she watched the Old Man's retreating, bent back. Anyway, it was a day when a corporation prexy *could* wink at a subaltern's secretary. Today was wonderful, grand. Despite the weeks of overtime work, the lost sleep, she was not tired today; her heart sang.

Impulsively, she opened a drawer and took out the ring. She never wore the diamond during office hours; but today was different. Smiling, she put it on.

Then her buzzer sounded, and Miss Allen gathered notebook and pencils, swiftly brushed back her blond hair, and went into Jim's office.

He was studying the wall map when she came in. But even from the side, she noticed again how bronzed he was, and how the slight tinge of gray at his temples only made him seem younger.

He said soberly: "The merger went through okay. We got the confirmation this morning."

Mary Allen's laugh was full of pride. "It's all over the building and everyone knows you put it across!"

He took his hands from his pockets, turned around. And she saw right away that his necktie was askew. He had a trick of yanking at his tie when he tackled a problem. She always wanted to straighten it. As if, with the gesture, she could help straighten out the problem itself.

But, trouble today? *Jim—worried!* Mary Allen's heart thudded.

He was looking at her, his lips pursed. "Peabody's sending a man to South America to look after these new interests. He was just talking to me about the job."

"Darling!" The girl's blue eyes glowed. "But that's marvelous!"

"Darned marvelous," Jim Barnett said practically. "It'll pay twelve thousand a year. Peabody can't last forever and this new job is a steppingstone to the presidency. He told me so."

"It's wonderful," Mary Allen breathed. She'd been wrong. Jim wasn't worried.

His gray eyes watched her steadily. "That's how I felt about it. I hate to see Pettigrew snap up the chance. But then," he shrugged, "maybe I'm just jealous."

An earthquake might have jarred Miss Allen like this, might have left such numbness in its wake.

"Pettigrew?"

He nodded, tugging at his tie.

Mary Allen said, her voice dry and tight: "Why, I never—it's the most horribly unfair thing I ever heard of! You've been here longer than Dave Pettigrew. You know more about the business—and when you've worked so hard on this merger, Jim!"

She knew how he'd worked, because she'd been at his side all those long, overtime hours, taking the regular work off his hands while he dealt with the estimates, appraisals, offers and counter-offers. She remembered it all—queer Spanish names she couldn't pronounce, the all-important summary that got lost in Jim's brief case; and how they laughed over that afterward, and the good taste of black coffee at midnight.

It had been terrible, and it had been grand. Because she'd done her part of it for Jim, the practical result of the merger wasn't important to her—any more than mere food mattered when a girl picnicked with the man she loved.

"Jim! You've got to make Peabody realize you've *earned* this chance!"

He could; she was loyally sure.

Jim Barnett said, "Oh, he gave me first chance at it. Pettigrew's next in line if I turn the job down. . . ."

She gasped. Had he been teasing her? But he couldn't be! And besides, she saw his hand jerking the tie, saw the muscle twitching in his cheek.

He told her, slowly: "It isn't an office job down there. It means mule trains, mining camps, prospecting expeditions. For the next five years."

His voice didn't make those things seem too dreadful. Mary Allen said, smiling, "Jim, you know you'd love all that."

HE SPILLED a cigarette from the pack on the desk, lighted it unevenly. "You still don't understand. This isn't a camping-out party—it means really roughing it. It would be a bitterly lonely life. I'd be sentencing myself to five years, maybe more, in solitary."

"You mean you couldn't take a—" it wasn't easy, the words jammed in Mary Allen's throat—"take your wife down there?"

"No." Emphatically. "I couldn't. Out of the question."

Miss Allen's eyes were very wide. A warmth glowed in her, and she knew that her cheeks must be stained pink. She said unsteadily, "Jim. You—you turned your grand chance down—because of that?"

Jim Barnett hesitated.

"The Old Man asked me to think it over. But he's got to know today. The man who goes will have to catch the next air clipper south."

So he hadn't decided, Mary Allen thought. Or, at least, not definitely.

He looked at her, silently, for whole seconds. She didn't say anything; she couldn't. He laid the cigarette on the ash tray, and said, "Peabody was thinking about the office arrangements. Somebody would have to take over Pettigrew's job. I don't know who—that's a big part of the problem."

He fumbled with his tie, wet his lips. "He'd planned—if I went—well, you could handle my work here. He knows how well you handled my work during the merger deal." Jim's voice quickened. "He said he'd pay you five thousand to start. Darned few women make anywhere near that much." His eyes met the girl's, then moved away. He was suddenly hesitant, embarrassed. "Five thousand. Darned few men could offer a wife anything to compare with—well, it's just Peabody's idea. I had to tell you. No matter what's decided, we've got to admit he's been fair, you know."

Mary Allen said thinly, "I think I do know. You'd call it a fair exchange, and no robbery?"

HE DIDN'T answer, and she turned, walked into her own office. After just a moment she brought a blue paper slip to Jim Barnett's desk. She said quietly, "You'd better sign this, Jim."

He took the pen she offered, and bent over the printed, neatly typed-in form:

INTER-OFFICE MEMO

For: Mr. Peabody
From: J. Barnett
Subject: South America
Remarks: I'll catch the clipper

Jim Barnett looked up quickly. His voice was warm with gratitude: "You're very generous, dear."

Mary Allen's eyes were bright with unshed tears. She said, "I'm not generous. Oh, I might have been . . . I wouldn't expect to mean more to you than—well, I could have waited, since you wanted to go so much." Her voice was low, and hurt, and sad. "But trying to bribe me with this job, this promotion! It showed me how much you thought all this has meant to me."

Jim Barnett started to make a gesture as she walked away—and remembered he didn't want to. He put the pen to the blue slip, but there was something under the paper. Moving it, he found the engagement ring he had given Mary Allen. The stone glittered with captured sunshine, cold in its final prison. For just a moment, as he signed the memo, the diamond reminded him of the girl's eyes, brilliant with lurking tears.

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EUROPEAN

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Top: Gas-mask drill for girls between 14 and 17 is part of their training for behind-the-lines duty in wartime. Here they are emerging from the gas chamber of a truck in which they have tested their masks. Below: The Czech soldiers who play at war along the German frontier are part of the formidable army of 2,500,000 men that this tiny republic, about the size of Illinois, is prepared to put in the field on short notice

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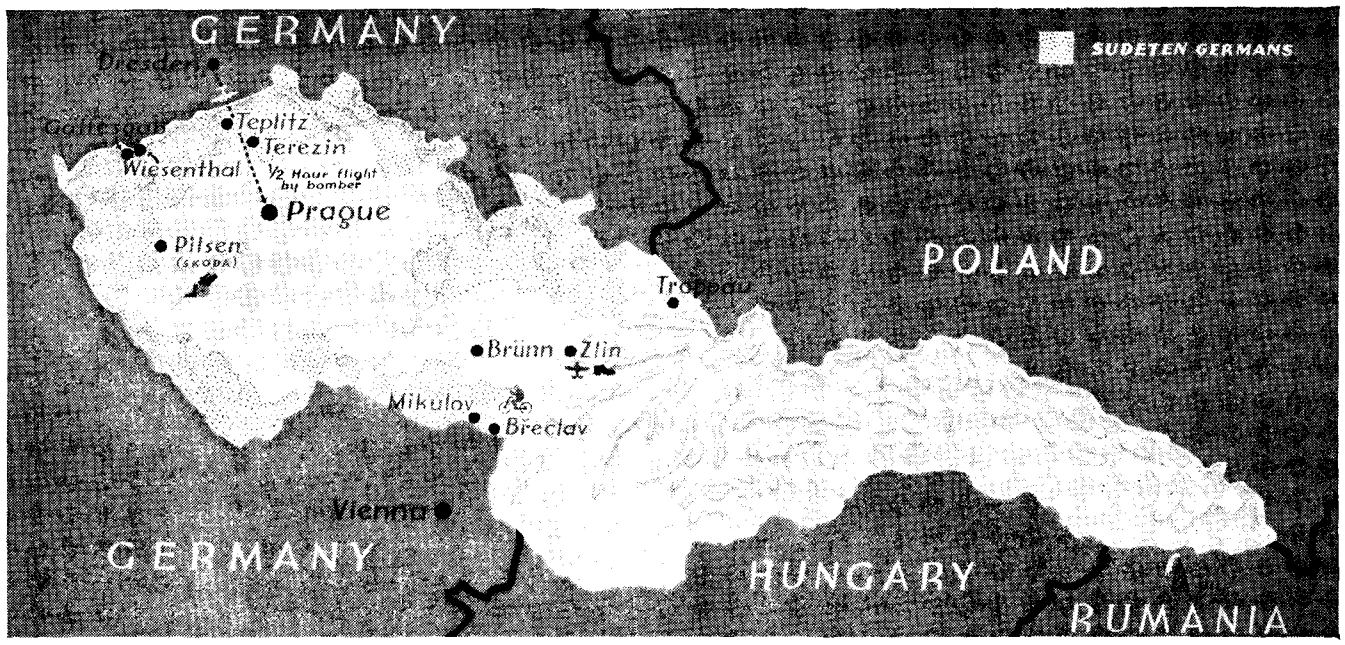


Come Ahead, Adolf!

By Martha Gellhorn

That's the song they sing in the wineshops of Prague. "All right, Adolf, come ahead!" Every citizen of Czechoslovakia is proud of his country's defiance and ready to make it good. Collier's correspondent shows you the wall of men and materials that are thrown across Hitler's path to the east

IT IS Sunday morning, and from the Castle Hill you can see the sharp elaborate church spires of Prague rising above the dark roofs of the city. Down there in the main street, President Benes stands bareheaded in the sun, in a flag-bright box, watching the Social Democrats of Czechoslovakia parade past. They come down the wide avenue, for four long hours, twelve abreast, with floats and bands, and they march in perfect time, in perfect order. It is very decorative and very gay. The Bakers' Union marches with giant breakfast rolls on their heads, the Slovak peasants in embroidered blouses and red skirts and high boots dance past, the Boy Scouts cook a meal and dodge the smoke from their campfire on a truck masquerading as a forest. They sing and cheer and salute the crowd and the president. All the banners and signs repeat the word: Democracy. They talk a great deal about democracy in Czechoslovakia because they think they may have to fight for it. They know that war is waiting about fifty miles away, at the nearest frontier.

You can't miss it. You can go on a sight-seeing tour, and the guide will stop the bus before the ornate and complicated old clock on the City Hall. "This clock was made in 1490," he says, "before America was discovered. We were a free nation then, and we are a free nation again, and we will remain a free nation."

You can go to a wine shop in the evening; the walls will be made of sweet-pine wood and there are field flowers on the tables. The place is crowded, and people drink local wine out of squat dark bottles, or the blond beer from Pilsen. The entertainers sing a popular song, and the public joins in the refrain. The refrain is: "All right, Adolf, come ahead."

On the frontier between Silesia and Czechoslovakia, the land is open, and behind the town of Troppau little hills like the Ozarks curve around the fields. There are women bending in the beet fields, and men forking the grain. Beside the haystacks are other things that look like haystacks until you get closer and see that they are camouflaged pillboxes, with machine guns and antitank guns in them, and the soldiers stand as quiet as scarecrows among the working peasants. Driving through the pine-woods behind Troppau, near Haj, you see a new fort being built, flat and wide on the top of the hill, and on the road dozens of steel spikes sunk into concrete blocks, from which later the barbed wire will be strung. Then the road dips down from the forest and crosses the river into a plain. On the other side of that plain is Germany, and across the nearest field is a triple row of barbed wire, on huge spools, and beside the river is a black cement-and-steel gun fortress where, beside machine guns, and antitank guns, there are also the highly perfected antiaircraft guns that all Czechoslovakia believes in. Three soldiers talk to some girls who are drying their hair after swimming in the river.

In the next town—Odersch—you see the Henlein Nazi swastikas and flags in the windows of the small houses, and the Czech soldiers, with the magenta tabs of their regiment on their coat collars, walking quietly about the streets. The fields are warty with pillboxes and black

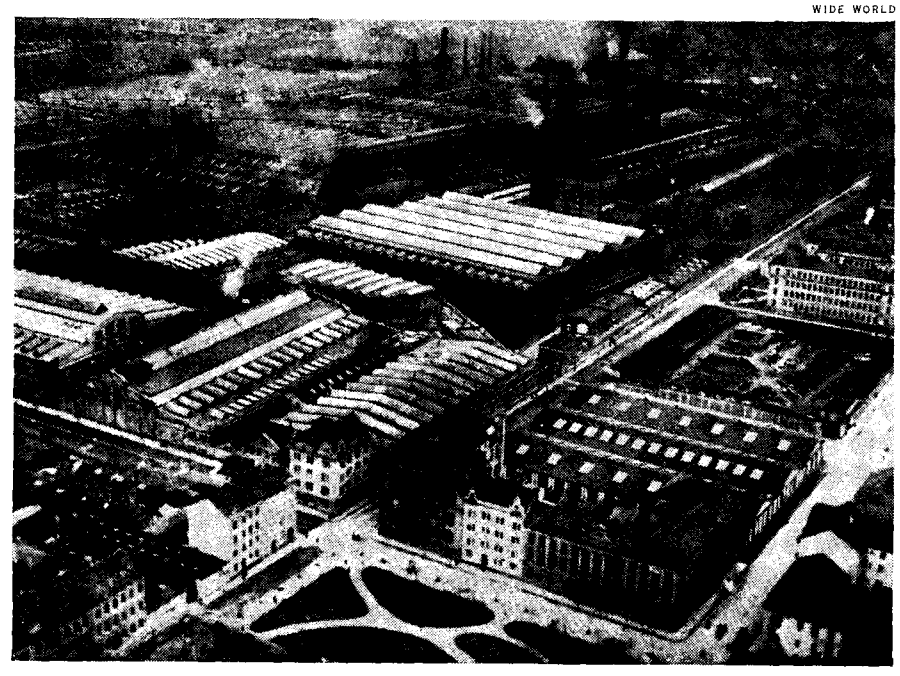
(Continued on page 43)

Behind the frontiers that jut into Germany (see map) is an elaborate system of pillboxes, fortresses and concrete trenches, from one of which the Czech soldier below practices swinging a hand grenade

U. & U.

WIDE WORLD

Backbone of Czechoslovakian defense and chief hope of maintaining its independence is its well-equipped standing army of 180,000 men. Infantrymen, here at mess, resemble American soldiers



Prime objective of enemy bombers would be the vast Skoda munitions works at Pilsen, the heart of Czechoslovakian wartime industry, and here, in the event of war, is how it would look from enemy planes

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The Secret Door

By Edward L. McKenna

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Honest confession of a gentleman who asked for—and got—a shiner

AS HAS previously been set forth here and elsewhere, I am a teacher of anthropology.

I still have the same wife I married thirty-odd years ago. She married me under a complete misapprehension. I didn't marry her under any misapprehension whatever. She's not a girl any more, but her laugh is still like the splintering of icicles to me, and if I don't hear her voice in the heavenly choir, then I'll look someplace else for it. Her name is Myra.

I was a fair student when I was at school. I should have been—I wasn't much good at anything else. My people never had much money; they had a lot of children. Every one of those children has a college degree, except my brother Joe. However, he has three college letters. He says that every time he hears a college song he has to stand up.

I didn't get any college letter. I got two scholarships and a key. The key was lucky. After I was graduated from college that key got me a job.

It got me a job in a little Middle Western college. I was not yet twenty years old. I was gangling, awkward, unsure of myself, and yet very proud. The job paid little; I certainly wasn't worth much. Still, look what I had to do.

I had to teach eight subjects. I didn't know those subjects. Who does know eight? I'm an anthropologist, or so I say. I was worried, I was uncomfortable, I was frightened. Frightened? Yes, I was always proud of myself, proud of my name and my people. I was trying to send my own brother to school—I've told you he was in three. My father was happy in the fact I was teaching in a college. If I were discharged, it would break his heart.

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"Of course you don't understand," she said. "You ran into a door, Professor. I know what you did"

I got through that year. I wasn't fired. I got no advance in salary, but I didn't mind that. I had no money; I had no clothes. I had a body that was still growing, and I went out and worked through the wheat fields that summer.

I came back with a tan that has never quite left me, and two new suits of clothes. "Now, show me that college!" I was saying to myself.

Confident? No: I was cold sure. I was twenty-one; I weighed a hundred and eighty pounds. I thought I knew my courses now, all eight of them, and I was going to knock them for a goal, including Salesmanship, Marketing, Advertising and Commercial Geography.

Maybe I didn't! Was I the Big Boy from the East and also the celebrated wheat fields of the Middle West!

That lasted for about two months, or maybe three, say until December. Christmas got me down pretty badly. I had no money; I had no friends. I bought myself a box of five-cent cigars for Christmas. Oh, yes, I'll never forget that Christmas.

I learned something, then, too—something that it won't hurt anyone to learn: that you have to be very sorry, very compassionate for lonely people. You don't know, unless you've gone through it, or unless you have a quick imagination and a tender heart. Be in trouble sometime; see how quickly you'll run to your sweetheart, your brother, your sister, your friend. I've never been alone a Christmas since that one, but I still remember it. I've had my wife ever since that.

I was going crazy. Even the gymnasium was closed. I didn't have any friends in the faculty; they seemed to me to be looking for all the wrong things. I thought they were censorious, that they were small, that they were petty, that they tried to make a little closed community of themselves for their own protection, as sheep do.

I thought that they were enemies of mine, enemies of everything in which I believe. I thought that they distrusted me, disliked me, wished I were gone. I was longing to be gone, gone away forever, from them and all the like of them.

I'd lost weight: I weighed about a hundred and sixty-five pounds. You expect that. I lose weight every year when I'm teaching. I pick it up again in the summer. But I wasn't just losing weight; I was worried. I was worried sick. I thought: Here I am, a big lunk of a man, teaching stuff I don't half know, in a place I hate. I hate these prairies, and I hate these prairie people. I'll go back home; I'll get a job driving a truck. Or I'll go out and be, not a farmer, but a harvest hand. Winters I'll work up in the woods. I'll put my brother through school and then, what's the difference? And I'll get myself in shape to do a tough job.

AS SOON as college opened, the gym reopened too, and it stayed open till nine o'clock at night. I'd eat my dinner, such as it was, and by seven o'clock there you'd find Instructor Arnold J. Titus, banging away at the chest weights.

It was fine. It was wonderful. I'd work at those chest weights; I'd grab hold of the bars. I'd work and work and work, and take a shower, and hop over back into bed.

Then this happened:

One night early in January, a big boy in a sweat shirt and a pair of wrestling trunks came swaggering over to me. "Hello, Prof," he said. I didn't like his tone, and I didn't like to be called Prof, and I didn't like him either. I knew him, all right, and he knew me. He was one Bartley Williams, and I had had the honor and the distinguished pleasure of flunking him the year before in two of my assorted subjects.

I didn't like Mr. Williams. He was a big boy, given to fat. He was what is now known as a wisecracker. He was a campus Lothario. Besides this, he was incurably lazy.

"Hello," I said.

"You looking for exercise, Prof? I'll give you some exercise. How'd you like to wrestle? I'll wrestle you, best two out of three."

"I'll just take you up on that," I said. "I'll try you once, anyhow." I couldn't tell you how glad I was to see this Mr. Williams, the way I was feeling. He was like manna from heaven. If I killed him that was his lookout; if he killed me, I had plenty of insurance.

"You know this game? I'll take it easy, Prof."

"Don't take it so easy. I'm not taking it easy," I said.

"Okay! Okay! Here we are. Let's go!"

Mr. Williams, to my disgust, threw me three times in about three minutes, but I made him work. I'd have made Goliath work. After the third fall, he straightened himself up, somewhere around my chest. "Hey, Prof!" he said. "You don't—you don't know this game at all, do you?"

"I'll try you one more time," I said.

"No! No, Prof! I'm too big for you. I'm too heavy for you. I just asked you to kid you. Gee! It just shows you, Prof. Get up! I'll show you the hold I threw you with. Now look, Prof. First you shake hands, see? Now look, keep your feet back. Keep them back! Now, you put your left hand out, you feel for me. Don't ever let me see your eyes, Prof. You keep your head down, keep it down like this. But you keep watching me. All right. Now, I come in. Now, you see? Turn me, turn me, that's right. Keep turning the man, turn him around. There's a lot of good ways: I'll show you mine. That's it! That's the way. Try to turn him. Now you got me turned, now what?"

I banged Mr. Bartley Williams down on the mat with a satisfying thump. He turned his head, and grinned at me. "That's it! Now, from here, how do you work? No! No! You got him down, keep him down! Look. You keep hold of his hand, see? Every time he tries to get up, you just give him a poke like this, see? That's it! That's it! Don't let him get up. I'll hold Londos, intercollegiate rules, on time allowance, ever get him on his belly once. Now look! Now look! I'll show you a couple of holds."

He did show me. He showed me three good holds. Then he got up. "Thanks for the workout, Prof," he said. "Listen, you come down here often?"

"I come down here every night," I said.

"Look, Prof. You're too small for me. I can teach you, though. You're okay, for a small fellow. You be down here, not tomorrow. Say Wednesday. I'll get a guy for you, a small guy. Listen, well, what do you know? I thought you were strictly no good."

"You did?"

"Yeah. I thought you were just like the rest of those eggs. And I say to you, come on, I'll try you, and there you are! Well! Now, listen. You want to go get yourself a bottle of liniment or—wait a minute—I'll get you some. I'll get you a bottle of Johnny's."

"Now, don't bother, Mr. Williams," I said. "I'm—"

"Hold your horses, Prof! Hold your horses! You come on with me. I'll get you a rubdown. Come on."

"I don't need it," I said.

"Okay," he said.

I did need it. I could scarcely walk the next day. I was down at the gym that evening just the same, and the following evening there was this Bartley Williams, together with another behemoth, and a small fellow of about 140 pounds.

"Now, look, Prof," said Mr. Bartley Williams. "Shake hands with Jack Slocum. And this one is Connie Gallagher. You know Connie, he's the quarterback. Now, you don't need to take it easy with Connie. He was 135-pound champ in the Tri-State two years ago."

"I can't wrestle you, Mr. Gallagher," I said. "You're too small."

"Try me and see," said Mr. Gallagher.

I DID try. I threw him, after a long tussle, during which Mr. Williams coached me loudly and profanely from the edge of the mat.

"Mah boy! Mah boy!" he said, slapping me violently on the back when it was over. "That's five from you, Jack, and five from you, Connie! Hgh! Prof, I bet these two suckers we had a Prof could throw Connie. I win! I win! Come on. What you say, Prof? We'll take Prof down to see Millie."

"You'll take me nowhere," said I. "It wasn't a fair bout. I outweigh him thirty pounds."

"Forty," said my late opponent, almost wistfully. "And at that, a prof beat me. A prof beat me! I'll lay it again, this one is barred. I'll beat any other prof in this school."

Now you must know I am no wrestler and no athlete. I am a fair-sized man, and I've worked for my living, and I am no weakling. A good athlete I certainly am not. Yet, in this way, I got the friendship of the football team of that college, and gradually of the other teams. I didn't win always, nor even

(Continued on page 24)

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After the second act the doctor took her to stroll along the balconies. She was nervously on the lookout for Laurence but he did not come upstairs

The Runaway

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

The Story Thus Far:

ADOPTED under peculiar circumstances, shortly after her birth, in Chicago, Becky Gibson grows up in California's San Joachim Valley. Shortly before her marriage to Gavin Flood—a charming but irresponsible wanderer—she learns, for the first time, that she is not the daughter of the Spencer Gibsons; that the Gibsons do not even know the name of the woman who *had paid them twenty thousand dollars* to adopt her little girl!

That comes as a terrible shock to Becky. Other shocks follow. Married, she is far from happy. Gavin spends much of his time gambling, drinking. When Becky's baby comes, he refuses to make an effort to support her; there are times when he is absent all night.

Miserably unhappy, Becky does not divorce her husband—the idea of divorce is repellent to her. Instead, she runs away, goes to New York City. There she finds a job.

Two years pass. Gibbs, her son, has pneumonia. He is taken to a hospital. When he is convalescent, one of the doctors—Stephen Dinsmore, a middle-aged man who has become deeply interested in the mother and child, insists that Becky give up her job and take Gibbs to the Long Island home where he lives.

Becky yields to his pleas, becomes his guest in a lovely house presided over by Mrs. Lee, Dinsmore's sister, who has two daughters: Hatsy and Barbara.

At a dinner party, Becky meets Laurence Moulton, a young artist. She believes that he is in love with Barbara. But, instantly attracted to him, she soon learns that (after the party, at least) he is in love with—Mrs. Gavin Flood!

Meanwhile, Doctor Dinsmore is making some remarkable discoveries relative to Becky's history. He suspects that Becky may be far, far closer to him than anyone would suspect. He is not sure, but—

Seeing much of "Larry" Moulton, Becky likes him; after a time she realizes that she loves him. They discuss the situation. And, at last, Becky is tempted to divorce her worthless husband. . . .

Becky prepares to go to a performance of *Lohengrin*, with Dr. Dinsmore. Barbara telephones Larry; he tells her that he, too, is going to the opera. Disappointed—for she had hoped to see Larry that evening—Barbara turns to Becky. "What does Larry want to go to the opera for?" she mutters under her breath.

X

BECKY turned from her mirror and stood smiling at the other girl. She had coaxed her gold-brown hair into a bang on her forehead; the quaint unfamiliar style, combined with the gown that somehow suggested a day of hourglass figures and ruffled bustles quite transfigured her, and Barbara burst into genuine enthusiasm:

"My dear, there's no one in this world like that filthy robber Gaby Leneau! That's the way that dress ought to look, and that way of doing your hair is simply inspired! I hope nobody recognizes it as mine, Becky, for it's simply a knockout! Make Uncle Stephen wander around with you between the acts—honestly, you're stunning in that getup!"

"I never have looked like this before!" Becky murmured, eyes on the mirror.

"If anyone looks snooty, as much as to say, 'Where have I seen that dress before?' you yawn and say that Leneau's models are getting so common that you'll get your things here after this."

(Continued on page 26)

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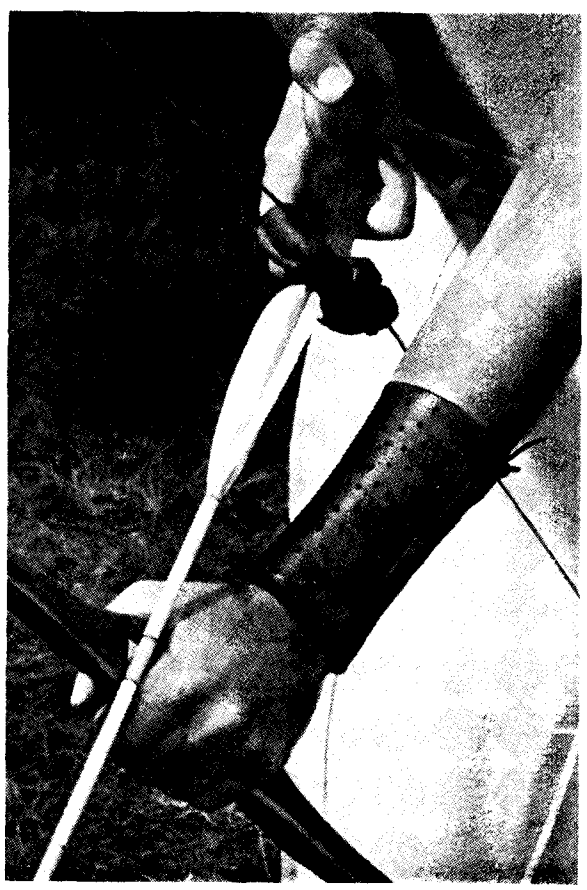
Robin Hood's Double

By Inez Wallace

HOWARD HILL SAYS:

To shoot bow and arrow correctly, hold bow loosely in left hand. With the three first fingers of right hand holding string at the first joints, place arrow so that it rests on string between first and second fingers. Standing at right angles to target, extend left arm straight but not rigid. Have right elbow and forearm on same level. With right arm draw the string back until ends of fingers on the string touch the cheek near corner of the mouth. When the arrow is fully drawn, use steel point as sight, aim and release string.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILL CONNELL



ON WEDNESDAY, Warner Brothers decided to make The Adventures of Robin Hood. Thursday, they estimated the cost of the film at two million dollars. Friday, when the bad news came through that not an actor in the cast could handle a bow, an executive remarked, "So we'll shoot the money—but who'll shoot the arrows?" And, from that minute on, hell was poppin' in Burbank.

Even the efficient production department, with the problem in its lap, looked pretty silly. Big, grown-up men sitting around in their shirt sleeves, talking of the days when they "killed" the kid next door with toy arrows and the simple process of yelling (at the right minute, of course), "You fall dead!" Surely, they figured, *some* of those children must have kept on shooting. They did—there are over a million and a half archers in America today. Of that number, perhaps ten or fifteen thousand hunt game with a bow—and, once in a blue moon, they bring in a kill.

"Not good enough," the studio men decided when these statistics were put before them. "We can't 'guess,' at the risk of the lives of several hundred people." To be sure, their decision may have been influenced by a note from H. M. Warner, who permits no monkey business in his film factory. "Gentlemen," it read, "in making Robin Hood, we want realism but we don't want disaster. Safety first."

That settled it. They would have to look for an expert archer to do the trick shooting—but where? Nobody thought of The National Archery Association, and the studio swears that no official call for archers was sent out. Yet that phenomenon of Hollywood, the studio grapevine, had gone into action. Archers of all ages and descriptions stormed the studio gates; and all of them admitted they were good. So Director William Keighley laid out a forty-yard archery range on Stage One—selected fifty who looked like the best bets—and told them to shoot it out.

When elimination had reduced that fifty to five, Keighley handed each man six arrows. "Let's see how fast you can shoot arrows and hit the target," he said. "At the word 'Go,' draw and shoot at will, as rapidly as you can."

Instead of shooting six, one man let fly thirteen arrows, hitting a different target each time. Out of these thirteen, he scored nine bull's-eyes and four sevens—which amateur archers will tell us promptly is the second circle just outside the bull's-eye. His nearest competitor had shot only three arrows—and not one of them a bull's-eye. Right there the director threw up his hands. "There's only one archer here," he said significantly. "What's your name, young man, and what nationality are you?"

Outdoing Robin Hood

"Howard Hill," replied the swarthy individual whom the onlookers had already dubbed "a shootin' fool." "Guess you'd call me an American—I've even got a little Indian blood."

Asked about his archery experience, Hill admitted, without enthusiasm, that he had shot a 1,400-pound buffalo with a bow, as well as bear, deer, moose, crocodiles, eagles and sharks. That he could kill fish in twelve feet of water with an arrow, and had hit ducks on the wing. That, in exhibitions, it was nothing to flick a cigarette out of a man's mouth with a flying arrow.

The director smiled and mentioned something about splitting the willow wand of Robin Hood legend at one hundred paces. But that didn't stop Hill.

"I've been making that shot since I was a little boy," he said, simply. "And I shot an apple off the head of Kenneth Wilhelm, a friend of mine, at sixty feet—you can see it in a Paramount short I made four years ago. I've never lost a field archery tournament—and I've been in six national archery-golf tournaments—and won all of them."

By this time Keighley was really amused. "Maybe we ought to forget all about the star and feature you," he said. "You've got a real Hollywood build-up, brother . . . nearly as fine as the original Robin Hood himself."

"That guy must have had a good press agent," Hill replied sadly. "According to records, those ancient archers didn't pull as heavy a bow as some of our modern hunting archers. The heaviest bow yet to be found from olden days pulls only ninety pounds—while many modern archers draw bows up to one hundred. And so far as skill is concerned, we have broken every record they kept."

Hill was going good now. He said he had been a professional golfer, a Southern League baseball player, had hunted extensively in Canada, Mexico and this country. He had killed the only bighorn sheep ever shot with bow and arrow by a white man. He said he could light a match with an arrow—or extinguish a lighted one.

"I have my own shop in North Hollywood," he said, "where special archery tackle is made without machinery. Handmade tackle is best because you can work a grain in the wood—"

"You're hired," Keighley said. "Tell the head property man what equipment you want and report Monday to teach twenty-two stock actors and six principals how to shoot." *(Continued on page 42)*

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Death in the King's Room

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

An old and haunted house, and deadly peril —to whom? But who, except the great Bazarada, would conduct such fantastic adventure?

"I REGRET," said Malcolm Brissard, "that the family ghost has disappointed; but there is still time."

We were a party of five. The dining room of Laley Old Place had been built for a banqueting hall, and marooned around that island of light in a sea of shadows we seemed to be oddly cut off from reality. Malcolm Brissard at the head of the table had Laroo on one side and Buzzy on the other. Aylmer, Malcolm's cousin, and myself, made up the party.

Buzzy, as Brissard spoke, looked curiously from face to face.

I could see him studying the clean-cut features of Malcolm Brissard, tanned by years in the African veldt, the pale and more refined face of his cousin, in which, nevertheless, a distinct family likeness might be traced.

Laroo, wearing a green dinner frock —she knew that green suited her dark beauty admirably—was staring right ahead into the shadows. Malcolm Brissard was staring at Laroo. Buzzy glanced at me and smiled his thin-lipped smile.

"I don't despair," he said, his clear, cold voice echoing weirdly about the huge room. "I have enjoyed every moment of my stay."

"It has been grand to have you here," Brissard assured him; but it seemed to me that the words were addressed to Laroo.

"I have always wanted to live in a haunted house," Laroo murmured dreamily.

The fact that Laley Old Place was haunted accounted for our presence there that night. The death of Burton Brissard, head of the Brissard Steamship Company, who had died unmarried some six months before, had brought about a great change in the fortunes of his nephew, our host. The eccentric old man had instructed his solicitors to destroy his will only a few days before a heart attack carried him off. Hence Malcolm Brissard's sudden accession to fortune—for he was next of kin.

"The traditional ghost of Laley Old Place," he continued in his enthusiastic, almost boyish way, persistently glancing at Laroo, "is the Laley Minstrel, of course. On certain occasions he is reported to have been seen coming out from the trees beyond the orchard where at one time there was a chapel, and walking toward the house. Records on the subject report that he melts into the stone wall of the west wing."

"I'd just love to see him," Laroo murmured, "or hear him."

"Alymer, here," Brissard went on, turning to his cousin, "has the whole thing pat. You see, he stayed in the office; in fact, he was Uncle Burt's right-hand man whilst I was wandering about Africa. What's the story of the west wing, Aylmer?"

"It's really very curious," Aylmer Brissard replied, "because it is fairly well authenticated." He had a cultured but tired voice, a contrast to the brusque and rather harsh tones of his cousin. "The west wing is the earliest part of Laley Old Place, and the Laley family to whom it belonged for generations—a family now extinct—had a pretty lurid history. There used to be a secret staircase at the point where the ghost disappears, leading to the room now known as the armory. This staircase has been built up for generations."

Bazarada and Malcolm Brissard had struck up a firm friendship on the liner on which they had both returned from South Africa. A few weeks later, Brissard having entered into occupation of Laley Old Place and Bazarada concluding an engagement in Manchester, we found ourselves assembled here, at Brissard's request, to investigate the reappearance of the Laley Minstrel—a phantom who had long ceased to trouble the house.

"It will take me years to know this place as Aylmer knows it," said Malcolm. "Even now, I can't believe that it belongs to me! On my instructions he went to work and had done a hundred and one things even before I got back from Africa. There was no electric light, for example. Every room is properly lighted now. There's still no central heating—and we need it in the Peak district. But that's a big job and will have to wait a while."

"I understand," said Bazarada, "that Hample, the butler, was here for a great part of your late uncle's time?"

"Yes," Aylmer replied. "Hample is an old servant of the family. Burton Brissard had a flat in London, and spent more time there than he did in Derbyshire. Hample and his wife—she acted as cook-housekeeper—often had the place to themselves for months on end."

I STARTED violently. The atmosphere of that huge dining room, perhaps, was getting on my nerves. From just behind me came a dry cough.

As I twisted around in my chair:

"As you say, Mr. Aylmer," a soft voice broke in, "we have been much alone in the old house."

It was Hample, the butler, who had entered unseen, unheard. With his scanty gray hair, regular features and slight side whiskers, he was so like a traditional butler that I found it hard to believe in him.

Bazarada, facing me across the table, fixed his strange eyes upon the man who stood at my elbow, and said:

"Did you ever see or hear anything unusual during that time?"

"Nothing, sir. It was often very difficult to keep up the house staff, because of the queer stories they got to hear. My wife and myself have sometimes been quite alone in Laley Old Place. Nothing ever happened. I never heard nor saw a thing until two weeks ago tonight, when I was serving Mr. Malcolm, who was dining alone."

"You'll have to get out of the way of calling me Mr. Malcolm," said our host laughingly.

"Yes, sir, I shall. It's just a habit. But on that night, sir, as you remember—"

"Remember!" cried Malcolm. "Can I ever forget! I've heard it twice since, too."

"I know the story," said Bazarada quietly, "but I should like to hear your version of it, Hample."

"Well, sir, it was certainly the Laley Minstrel. I am afraid that it so affected me that I dropped something."

"Yes!" said Malcolm—"gravy!"

"It was like a kind of harping, sir! It seemed to be here, there and everywhere. It was certainly somewhere in this room."

"Was it unpleasant?" Bazarada went on.

"Well, sir, I couldn't say it was unpleasant. In a sort of way it was beautiful. But it was—well—very uncanny!"

HE SET upon the table a salver laden with decanters and liqueurs.

"By the way," said Bazarada, turning to Aylmer, "have you got that old plan of the house I asked you to find for me?"

"Yes," Aylmer replied, "it's upstairs on my desk." He beckoned to the butler. "Slip up to the armory, Hample, for me; there's a very large envelope on the desk—you can't mistake it. Bring it down." As Hample turned to go he added, "Shut the window while you're there. The wind is rising."

The butler went out as silently as he had come in. In the circumstances, there was no question of the one lady guest retiring. When cigars and cigarettes were passed around, Laroo selected a Turkish cigarette and Malcolm lighted it. Bazarada watched her under drooping eyelids.

"That's your last tonight," he said grimly. "You are getting to smoke like a factory chimney."

Laroo gave Buzzy a venomous glance and, leaning back in her chair so that she was almost in shadow, made a contemptuous *moue* which necessitated the use of the tip of her tongue, with a grace I should not have supposed possible in such a gesture.

Aylmer Brissard stood up.

"Excuse me for a moment," he said, smiling, "but I have just remembered that I locked the plan in the safe before dressing for dinner."

He went out.

"I have heard that damnable harping three times," Malcolm said in a low voice. "Twice in the Green Room and once here. Hample is right about its character. It's musical in a way—but there's no shape or form about it. It's the most ungodly—"

Abruptly he ceased speaking—so abruptly that I was reminded of what would happen if a man were to be suddenly gagged.

An icy silence descended upon us all. I experienced a momentary shudder—a chilling of the blood. For some reason I fixed my eyes on Bazarada—looking to him alone.

For in upon the silence broke a sound unlike any I had ever heard—in that place and at that time a ghostly, unbelievable thing. Preceded by a howling, like the howling of wind, it came. At one moment it resembled soft playing upon several violins, then it died away to a weird whisper. . . . It increased again. So also did the wailing. It was like a phantom church organ. It rose and fell as though the Laley Minstrel crept around us in the shadows. . . .

In its beauty terror lay.

I saw that Bazarada was watching Laroo.

"Buzzy!" she gasped, and started up from her chair. "Buzzy! Oh, my God! What is it?"

There was a moment of electric tension, and then I heard a door opening. I saw Malcolm Brissard staring past me. The sound of phantom harping had died away.

"Did you hear it, Hample?" he cried sharply.

"Yes, sir," the butler replied. "I was on my way down from the armory when I heard it. I'd been looking for the long envelope."

Aylmer's voice came from a distant doorway.

"Sorry, Hample—I had locked it away. I went up by the other stair. I heard the minstrel, too, as I came down."

"That makes the fourth time!" said Malcolm. He turned to his cousin. "You never heard this abominable harping, or whatever it is, during the years that you lived here?"

"Never," Aylmer replied. He appeared to be much disturbed by the uncanny occurrence. "It's quite new to me —and horrible!"

He set a long envelope on the table beside Bazarada. There was complete silence, now, in the big, shadowy room.

"You have always heard this sound here, in this dining room?"

Bazarada's cool voice was a sedative.

"Once here before, sir, yes."

It was the butler who answered.

"But *I* have heard it twice in my bedroom!" said Malcolm. "If I hear it again I'll have to quit! Aylmer had prepared the King's Room for me. It's the room in which Charles II is said to have slept on his way to the Battle of Worcester. My uncle used it—but it's too imposing for me! All the same, if I can't rest in the Green Room it will have to be the King's Room."

BAZARADA was the sworn enemy of hocus-pocus. He had studied voodoo in Africa and in Haiti, had consorted with fakirs and mahatmas. He admitted the existence of forces inherent in humanity but undeveloped by most of us. Apart from certain cases that he conceded belonged to another category, he was unprepared to accept ghostly manifestations.

"I am afraid some of the staff heard it tonight, sir," Hample continued, "and so I fear, except for my wife and myself, that you will be without service tomorrow."

Aylmer shook his head. He looked more than usually pale, I thought. The queer manifestation that had so upset Laroo seemed also to have disturbed him very much.

"We have sounded the walls and panels at that end of the room," he said in a low voice, "and although there seems to be a space behind the woodwork, we found no means of entry."

"Did the same in the Green Room," Malcolm jerked. "Short of stripping down to the timbers, it would be impossible to explore behind."

(Continued on page 36)

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The ray of light showed me a distracted Laroo. Wearing pajamas, her eyes wide with horror, she burst into the corridor

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Poffenberger Pitching

By Kyle Crichton

Detroit's prize package from baseball's grab bag. He can pitch, he can field and he can hit. But he's best of all at disappearing

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT YARNALL RICHIE

THERE have been other Poffenbergers; no man in his right mind can deny it; but it is highly improbable that there has ever been another Poffenberger named Cletus Elwood Poffenberger. There was a Poffenberger who made the Harrisburg-Altoona run on the Pennsy for many years and there were also the Poffenbergers who migrated to the Middle West and eventually had a little dispute with the authorities over a mail train, but none of these Poffenbergers were Cletus Elwood Poffenberger, who is known as Boots for short. Our Mr. Poffenberger, Cletus Elwood Poffenberger, comes from Williamsport, Maryland, and pitches for the Detroit Tigers and is a case.

Mr. Poffenberger has been in organized baseball exactly three years and three months at this writing, and already people are comparing him with Rube Waddell. This is based not upon the thought that Mr. Poffenberger can pitch as marvelously as could Mr. Waddell but that he can disappear as completely. Mr. Poffenberger has disappeared in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, breaking disappearance records in all three cities. He has just as consistently turned up again and pinned back the ears of the gentlemen who represent the American League clubs in the various cities, for Mr. Poffenberger has a very sneaky fast ball and a curve that surprises even Mr. Poffenberger himself. As for Mr. Gordon Cochrane, manager of the Detroit Tigers, he is surprised only about Mr. Poffenberger.

"That bullheaded Dutchman!" exclaimed Mr. Cochrane recently, half irately, half affectionately.

This was shortly after Mr. Poffenberger had disappeared in Philadelphia and had been fined a total of $100 for a subsequent infraction of the training rules of the club. Upon being informed that all players must check in at the hotel by twelve midnight, Mr. Poffenberger did what any decent free American would have done and appeared promptly at 12:15. When haled before Mr. Cochrane for this crime, Mr. Poffenberger replied he had nothing to say. When asked where he had been, he said he wasn't a-tellin'. When asked whom he was with, Mr. P. maintained a dignified silence. When Mr. C. mentioned the $100 fine, Mr. P. winced but said nothing. A Poffenberger never squeals, a Poffenberger never takes a back step, a Poffenberger never explains.

The history of M. Poffenberger is quite simple. He has never played football, he has scorned basketball, he had played baseball at his home town of Williamsport, Maryland (near Hagerstown), for all the conscious days of his life. One Billy Doyle, scout for Detroit, discovered Mr. Poffenberger in 1935 and shipped him down to Fieldale, Virginia, which was a Detroit farm at the moment. Fieldale was about a mile off the main highway and only a quick eye could detect it.

Even then Mr. Poffenberger was known as Boots, his grandfather having been Boots and his father known as Little Boots, for reasons known only to antiquity. He went to Fieldale as an outfielder, being a pudgy little man even in those tender years of his youth. His sneaky fast one was soon discovered; his salary went up from $50 to $70 a month and he won sixteen and lost fifteen, being almost unhittable on Sundays before the big crowds.

Next year, 1936, Boots was with Charleston in the Middle Atlantic League, another Detroit farm under the guidance of Watt Powell, a famous man in the mountains of West Virginia. In that setting Boots did right well, winning sixteen and losing twelve. Salary now $125, which was high for the Middle Atlantic. The team traveled by bus, and Boots still shrinks inwardly when he thinks of the jaunt from Charleston to Johnstown, Pennsylvania, starting immediately after the night game and riding steadily until six o'clock the next afternoon in a tiny red school bus with a tin roof.

"You don't die," says Boots. "You just gradually seem not to be there no more."

Next year, which was last season, he was sent down to Beaumont but didn't report until the season had started, because of a dispute over money. They said come on ahead; when you get all steamed up over playing, you'll forget about those few bucks. "You get steamed up first," suggested Boots, who had been promised the money and wanted steam left out of it. When he once got there he won nine and lost one, and six weeks after the season opened he was in Detroit.

When he came into the dressing room on the first day in Detroit, he said very modestly: "You might as well get used to me around here; I'm going to be here a long time."

The gentlemen were not sure about this, for Mr. Poffenberger looked like anything but a pitcher. He is pudgy, as hinted, and he has short arms and small hands. The only reason he was allowed to live upon arrival was that he was a likable young man, as anyone could see, and furthermore Detroit, having just lost the great Rowe, was eager to welcome anybody who could lift an arm in defense. They hurled him into the arena, torn between a desire to see him rended and a hope that he might not be impossible. He began to win almost immediately. Things were so good that the kid, only two years out of Fieldale, which is a town as easily located as Shangri-la, was now a starting pitcher for Detroit.

In the Poffenberger Tempo

And then came the first great episode in the adventurous life of Cletus Elwood Poffenberger. He was told that he was to start a game on a Wednesday in the Yankee Stadium against Mr. Gehrig and his murderous companions. Mr. Poffenberger has always desired ardently to combat big game. When it is a question of facing the St. Louis Browns or the Philadelphia Athletics, Mr. Poffenberger would just as leave stay in bed. It isn't worth the bother. Against the big boys, he has a system.

"You got to charge 'em," he says, meaning to bear down on every pitch.

So Del Baker, acting manager while Mickey Cochrane was out with a fractured skull, informed Boots he'd go against the Yanks on Wednesday. He didn't go against the Yanks on Wednesday because he didn't even show up Wednesday, being so elated by the honor paid him that he had buried his nose in the foam with a few mutual friends the night before.

In Chicago later, Boots disappeared and was found at four o'clock in the morning leading a swing band, which was indisputably dizzy from swinging to the Poffenberger tempo. There was another slight incident in Boston this season, which worked out better because Mr. Cochrane insisted on Mr. Poffenberger's entering the box, although he would have preferred to be almost anywhere else. By the fifth inning Mr. Poffenberger was oozing perspiration at such a rate that all concerned expected him to have a fate comparable to that of a snow man brought down from Pike's Peak to Yuma, Arizona, on a July day. He was belted off the premises along about the seventh inning, being by this time completely cured of anything that had ailed him, except wildness.

There was the further incident last year in Boston when Boots irritated Joe Cronin by yelling, "Hello, Showboat!" at him as he went by. Mr. Cronin had no idea why he was so honored but the idea riled him. By the time the seventh inning arrived, Boston was badly licked and there were two out when Cronin came up. Boots proceeded to put two strikes across on him *(Continued on page 49)*

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The Merry Meatball

By William Fay

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The scarcely human antics of Mr. Mike Padoni, box fighter, whose heart was larger than his head

The blonde wriggled while Mike finished his song and joyfully dumped his beer over the head of a pal

THE bell clanged sharply many times and bit into the gleeful thunder of the crowd. The hot lights reached down from above and set the ring like a jewel in the black of Madison Square Garden. Gentlemen of the trade showed themselves and their vegetable ears to the audience, while Mike Padoni waved happily from his corner.

Mrs. Rose Padoni made short, hurried steps to the ringside where an usher took her ticket stub. She gave him fifty cents, which she suspected was too much, but the ringside at the Garden is very high class. She edged past many knees to her seat, and her shiny satin dress was rather too tight across her loins. The crowded row kept her a prisoner on people's knees. She was conscious of this, and confused; she wobbled. She clung excitedly to her purse and her little fur. Breathless and excited, she gained her seat and sat down. Beneath her small, crazy hat, she was very pretty, just as she was very young, just as her soft eyes were vitally alive and shaded with little fears.

Rose looked up to where Mike stood under the lights, his fighting gloves on his hands. He was where she'd expected him to be, in the middle of everything, big and foolish but great with his gestures, sensitive and grateful for the mob's acclaim. And Mike, indeed, was the only man for Rose.

Mike was rather magnificent. He was built like Maxie Baer, with heavier arms, and his nose had not been sledged so well as Maxie's; but, unlike Maxie, he had a bulge in the middle and it looked as if he'd swallowed a football. Really it was only beer, for Mike was very fond of beer; his capacity was a legend.

He shuffled in his corner and said to his manager, "I'm gonna outsmart this guy. I need a workout."

Patsy Fine said, "You couldn't outsmart an intelligent horse and you need a strait jacket. Punch his ears in."

Mike walked out behind his big fists and got punched in the nose. This Manuel Armedo was not exactly a slob. He was very large and grew endlessly out of his flat feet. His left hand was long and it stayed in Mike's face. Mike grinned and brushed the left hand away. He threw a left hook that exploded against Manuel's stomach. It made a fabulous noise. Manuel moved cautiously, then drove a right to Mike's chin. Mike followed him around, seeking to be fancy. He got a faceful of leather and the blood ran freely down to his chest. Mike could take it fine.

He took it for two more rounds while Manuel sliced him up like a steak. Mike got tired of that and went to work. He hit Manuel a short left hook and the big guy fell like a building. Mike's friends from Bridgeport went crazy and somebody slammed a bass drum. The trumpets and saxophones did not join in, for those musicians were out of breath.

Manuel Armedo got his feet beneath him and shoved. He moved on rubber legs across the canvas, a saddened and confused Argentine. This had never happened to Manuel before. Mike caught him and his left hook flowed again in a brown blur like Dempsey's. Manuel swayed and swiveled about, then crashed face-down on the floor of the ring. He lay there very limp, like an omelet. . . .

The thunder in the Garden grew, but Bridgeport's voice was louder. The drums beat and the shrill notes of the trumpet pierced all sound. Mike was Bridgeport's own private screwball and they did not mean to lose him. Mike challenged the champion over the radio and he kissed one of the boxing commissioners. That was very funny. There was never a guy like Mike.

IN THE dressing room, Mike had saved a kiss for Rose. His lips were huge and swollen; they were salty against her own. Tenderly her hands traced the wound that parted his cheek, the blue mouse under one eye. His wide grin for the first time was ugly. "I murdered 'im, doll," Mike said, and his big hands closed tightly about her. Her head was against his great chest but she kept seeing his face. She didn't want Mike to look like that; she didn't want him mumbling hoarsely from the back of his throat, like the broken bums she'd seen.

She said, "You were wonderful, Mike, darling; you were wonderful," but she did not feel the happiness she spoke. Mike was too red in the face and too swollen; his eyes and his voice were drunk with too much strain and excitement.

Patsy Fine kept shouting. He was a little guy, with more energy than a monkey on a string. He clamped a big cigar between his teeth and his mouth was forever wet with his exuberance. He told a receptive press:

"My screwball will fight the Army an' Navy, but first we want the champ. Yeah, the champ. He ain't too tough

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The Honor of the Dixie Belle

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The Story Thus Far:

TO ENJOY the delights of the Mississippi River, so charmingly described by her distant kinsman, Mark Twain, Mrs. Lacey, wife of Robert Emmet Lacey, Sr., a St. Louis millionaire, ensconces her pampered self—with Bobby, her son; Bobby's tutor, Mr. Gollomb; and a corps of well-paid servitors—in a country house overlooking little Pike County Landing.

Stuck in the mud, not far away, is an old steamboat, the Dixie Belle. Living in that boat are some people with whom Bobby soon becomes friendly: "Cap'n Dan," who owns the dilapidated vessel and who is obsessed with the idea that a railroad, the "Q" (controlled by Bobby's father), owes him enormous damages; Lucy Hough, an attractive girl; Mrs. J. E. B. Drumwright, a lady with a dominant personality—and a questionable past; and one Buttinhead Adams, the Negro cook. Bobby likes them. And he is fascinated by the Dixie Belle, through a hole in the bottom of which he and Paw Merrihew (a kindly old riverman who lives in a houseboat near by) can always hook plenty of catfish.

Mrs. Lacey does not approve of her simple neighbors. Nor does the snooty Mr. Gollomb—who, however, decides to marry Lucy.

It is not, however, until Mrs. Lacey invites a number of her socially prominent friends down for a housewarming week end that trouble arrives. Shortly before her guests are expected the servants desert in a body. What to do? Bobby's new friends supply the answer. Although they are proud people, they obligingly come forward and fill the vacant posts.

The party is a grand success. Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Lacey throws a party on the Dixie Belle—a party that terminates when the guests (some of whom have partaken too freely of strong drink) offend Cap'n Dan's little family and are forcibly ejected by some stalwarts, led by Adrian Reed, a young towboat man who also hopes to marry Lucy.

The incident disturbs Mr. Lacey greatly. He rushes down from St. Louis to ward off any possible damage suits. No sooner has he arrived than the Black Warrior (a towboat owned by the "Q") rams the Dixie Belle, in a storm, and Mrs. Drumwright's back is injured. *That,* he feels sure, means a big damage suit. But he is wrong—Paw Merrihew saves the day. Regarding Mr. Lacey as a "tyrunt" (and himself as a real Jeffersonian Democrat), he sends the millionaire word, by Bobby, that the collision was unavoidable, and that no suits will be filed.

A few hours later Bobby encounters Callahan, one of his father's detectives. The man tries to avoid him. Bobby walks up to him. "You're Callahan," he says slowly, "you big flatfoot!"

"He started talking about birds and then about cave men and saber-toothed tigers and before I knew it I had this ring on my finger"

IV

THEN he admitted that he was Mr. Callahan but he said I was not to tell a living soul I had seen him and not to speak to him or make any sign I knew him if we met again. He said he was working on a big case for my father and my father would skin me alive if I gummed things up. Besides, Callahan said his life depended on not being betrayed. I tried to make him tell me what case he was working on and what criminals he was tailing, but he would not, the big wise guy. If he is a good detective I am Shirley Temple.

"All right for you," I said, "I'll find out. Nuttsky kafoosky to you!"

I had got almost all the way up the hill to our house when it came on me all of a sudden. Oh, kafooey on my dumb head, I thought, Callahan is working against Paw and Cap'n Dan on the big damage suit my father thinks they are going to file. Oh, gee heck, this is another crisis in my life. Kafooey on my father for sicking Callahan on Paw and Cap'n Dan, I said. It is not fair.

Lucy was just leaving our place and walking down the road looking at something on her finger. She stumbled right into me.

"Oh . . . it's only you," Lucy said.

I had Callahan on my mind and did not want to waste good time telling Lucy a lot of love goofiness, so I just said I had fixed it up with Adrian and he would come to see her tonight.

Lucy let out a surprised oh-oh.

"I'm just plumb in for it now," Lucy said. "Oh, Adrian will wring my neck. He will just wring my neck!"

"GOLDANG it, Jerusalem dang it, *why?*" I said.

Lucy showed me her left hand. There was a diamond ring on her finger.

"I've just got engaged to Mr. Gollomb—to Philip," Lucy said, ready to boo-hoo. "I didn't mean to, Bobby; I swear to goodness I didn't. He started talking about birds and then about cave men and saber-toothed tigers and then about something called 'catharsis' and before I knew it I had this ring on my finger."

I had too much on my mind to be bothered with such goofy stuff and I said for Lucy to give that ring right back to Mr. Gollomb and tell him to go take a running jump in the lake. If she did not Adrian would tear Mr. Gollomb apart and maybe choke Lucy to death in a big love-nest slaying.

Lucy yanked the ring off and gave it to me and said: "I can't bear to face him. You tell him I've changed my mind, Bobby." And she went off half running down the road.

I put the old ring in my watch pocket, but I did not remember about it. I had decided my first duty was to Paw and Cap'n Dan, especially Paw. So as soon as I got home I sat down and wrote Paw a note warning him that my father had put Mr. Callahan on his trail. I wanted to write it in my disappearing ink G-man set but could not find the ink. But I gave Paw a complete description of Mr. Callahan's disguise so he would spot him and be on the lookout for him.

Then, I gave the note to Alfred, my mother's chauffeur, and paid him a quarter to take the note down to the Dixie Belle. It was a moment of big suspense to me. Alfred came back saying yes he had delivered the note to Paw. I questioned Alfred closely

(Continued on page 39)

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The Secret Door

Continued from page 15

usually. I never wrestled another small man, except Gallagher, who, by the way, threw me twice afterward. I couldn't, you see. And the big ones were, for the most part, too clever or too strong. I always had a suspicion that Gallagher threw that first match to me, anyway. I would by no means deem that this Bartley Williams, with his perverse sense of humor, was incapable of this trickery.

However, I was extremely conscious of a warmer feeling toward me among the student body, after my friendship with Bartley Williams and his associated thugs began. Friendship? Yes. That's exactly what it was. I did coach Williams and two of the linemen that midyear, and they passed with flying colors; I needn't say, I trust, that it wasn't in any of my subjects. One of the things they were bad in was French, one was solid geometry, and the other was the History of Art, which is known as a pipe course, or hunch course. Well, I learned it for them in three days, and taught it to them in one. Williams got an A in it; the other two got B's.

Williams said, "Prof, I'll tell you the truth. I didn't think you could teach a lick until this. Now I think you could even get me through school."

"Bartley," I said, "you have a good brain. You are lazy. Brains? You have plenty of brains."

"Keep my secret," he said. "Keep my secret, will you, Prof?"

Oh, how easy my life was until that April! I had only one difficulty: I had every athlete in the place in my classes, except Bartley Williams. My only elective course, Anthropology A, had two hundred and eleven students, including thirty-four letter men. I love to teach anthropology.

THE popularity of this course, and the way the students were crowding their way into my sections naturally didn't please my colleagues, I suppose. I wasn't interested in pleasing them, anyhow. I had suddenly acquired an interest, a real interest in life. I wanted to teach, if I got nothing but bread and butter out of it. Bread and butter? Bread and water. I liked those kids. I liked those lovely young women. I liked those fine young men; I liked their foolish athletic contests, outside of wrestling. I even liked the way, when I passed a fraternity house, I'd be greeted with "H'ya, Prof!"

Then, in April, I got the black eye.

How did I get it? I'll tell you how. I bumped into a door.

You don't believe that, do you? Well, there are three things, as the triads say, that you can't explain: How you lost the love of your wife, how you lost your hair, and how you got a black eye. Have a fine explanation for any of these things. What good is it?

So, then. I bumped into a door, the door of my bookcase, in the dark, while I was looking for Mommsen, Vol. 4, to verify a reference.

I read in bed. There is a light over my bed. There is none over my bookshelves, ever. I can find my books in the dark.

What a black eye that was! An inexperienced man, I put hot water on it. The result was awful. It blackened the other eye just slightly.

I had to go to my classes. I knew the way my colleagues would leer at me. They did. I wasn't prepared for the kindness of my department head, Doctor MacGowan. "Go home, Titus," he said. "Go home and sleep it off."

"Sleep what off!" I said. "I hit a door. A bookcase door."

"What does the door look like?" he said. "Now, Titus, my boy, you go home."

"I'll not go home," I said, and perhaps my voice was too loud. "I'll teach my classes. Who'll teach my Anthropology A? The professor of bookkeeping? The professor of factory management? The professor of agricultural economics? No! No, they won't! I am to lecture today on the Pyramid of King Cheops, its origin, its history, its probable antecedents among the Chaldeans. Who'll do that but me—I mean, but I? I mean, but me. Fire me, give me a dishonorable discharge from your cow college, but I'm lecturing on the Pyramids of Egypt at eleven o'clock!"

I ADMIT I was overexcited. Wouldn't you be, too, if you saw your job slipping away, your job that you used to hate and that now you loved? Your job that you were made to do, the only one

"When he's off he's completely off" ALAIN

at which you were worth a tinker's continental, and in which nobody, nobody in the world, could substitute for you except Mommsen or Gebhart, and they're dead. Why, you'd say to yourself, as I did, "My boys! My girls!" and go out and finish up as well as you could. Or else you're the kind that wouldn't put out a fire in an orphan asylum.

Oh, I lectured all right, blinking at them out of my one good eye, and that wasn't so good either, but it was good enough to see what came up to my desk when I had finished. It was one Myra Edwards, now and forever after Mrs. Arnold J. Titus. "Congratulations, Prof," she said.

"I—I beg your pardon?" I said.

"I've heard about it. I've heard what you did. I know," she said.

"I—I don't understand," I said.

"No. Of course you don't. You ran into a door. Didn't you, Professor? I know what you did. Bart Williams is engaged to my roommate, over in the Alpha Chi house."

"Bartley Williams?"

"Yes. He called up, after your first class. He says he's okay, and Millie is okay. You go ahead. You teach your classes. Teach them! I—I—"

She was gone. Apparently she was crying.

I couldn't understand it. Could you?

At the end of my next class, I was met by the chairman of the student self-governing board, a very righteous youth indeed, interested, I think, principally in some sort of track athletics.

"I'd like to shake your hand, Prof Titus," he said.

"I'm glad to shake yours," I said, "but why?"

"Prof Titus, the whole campus knows it," he said. "In a door, huh? All right. You got that eye in a door." He shook my hand again, dankly, and was gone.

I went back to my office. I was told the president, the president of the college, wanted to see me as soon as possible.

All right. That meant right then.

I went over. This is where I get it, I said to myself.

The president came out of his office to meet me. He grasped my hand.

"Bad-looking eye, uh, ah, Arnold," he said.

"You should have it," I muttered to myself.

"Come in. Come in. Are you quite all right?"

"I certainly am," I said. If I was going to get it, I was going to get it standing up.

"Professor Titus," he said, "we have been pleased with your work. You have done well here." He paused.

"So. So *what?*" *I said.*

"Professor Titus," he said, "I know what happened last night. You ran into a door, didn't you?"

"I hope to tell you," I said. "That is, yes."

"Professor Titus," he said, "there is a little restaurant over in this town—over at the edge of the tracks."

"Yes. So there is," I said.

"LAST night, one of our professors was at this place, getting a little refreshment. A little. I think, ham and beans. A poor little girl waits behind the counter. A personable young girl, very pretty."

"I never was in that j—" I began. He silenced me with a regal hand.

"Professor Titus, it was early in the morning. One of our professors was in there, getting something to eat, as I have said. A brakeman went into that restaurant. He offered that girl an—an insult. Then, Professor Titus, one of our men, I say, leaped up from his ham and beans. He went at that brakeman; accoutered as he was, he plunged in. Unused to arms, he plunged in. The brakeman blacked his eyes. He was fighting still, this man of ours, when one of our other men, one of our other men, I say, though only a student, came along. He had just taken his sweetheart up to the Alpha Chi house—"

"To where?" I said.

"To the Alpha Chi house. I'm only telling you a story, uh, Arnold. This man beat that brakeman, beat him to a pulp. Then he took that professor of his, of his, I say, home."

I looked at him.

"Now, Professor Titus. This is what I want to say to you. We want such men as you with us. We want a man who'll defend a woman, a poor little waitress, with his life, with his eyes, with his sacred honor. We want to know our women are in safe hands, that our young men have an example before them. Arnold, would an increase of five hundred dollars a year interest you?"

"I didn't! I didn't! *I ran into a door,*" I said.

"Of course. Of course. Only, as it happened, my own fraternity brother, Bartley Williams, called me up this morning to tell me all this. A fine boy, Bartley. Headstrong. Mischievous. Thoroughly all right. You should have heard him describe that fight to me. You, an untutored and unscientific man, going in, blinded, into that—that—"

"Mr. President, I ran into a door."

"You did. You did, indeed. You go right home now, Arnold. Tomorrow, or when you will, let me know. Five hundred dollars, we said? Good. And, and perhaps it would be well to call young Bartley Williams and thank him."

"Oh, I'll call on him," I said.

SO *I went to the Delt house, as fast as* I could, and I called on Bartley Williams. I found him upstairs.

"Listen, you big ape," I said.

"Now, Prof. Now, Prof!" he said. "Now look, Prof. I did this to square me. To square me, see? You don't want to get me in Dutch, do you? Well, look, I run around with that Anne, over at the Alpha Chi house. Well, I go out with this Millie, too. Well, I was out with Millie last night, see? And I was seen taking her home, good and late, by one of these Alpha Chi sisters, and you know how they are. And I didn't know how I was gonna square it, Prof. And so, then I hear you get a black eye. Like that, it comes to me.

"I call up Anne's house, I get her roomy on the phone. A swell dame, straight as a die, go to the front for you any time. Myra Edwards, her name is. I says to her, 'Listen, the straight dope is, I was out with Prof Titus last night, and we were kidding along with Millie, and I went out to wash my hands, and when I came back, there was Doc, going around and around with a big tommie, see, because he said something to Millie.' And she says to me, 'Was he tight?' And I said—"

"Yes. What did you say, Ananias?"

"I said, well, I said, 'Oh, no. Doc never touches it.' "

What I meant by saying Myra married me under a misapprehension is this: She still thinks I was tight that night. She still thinks I hit a brakeman. Doctor Professor Whosthis thinks I hit a brakeman. I told them differently a thousand times.

I ran my head into a door.

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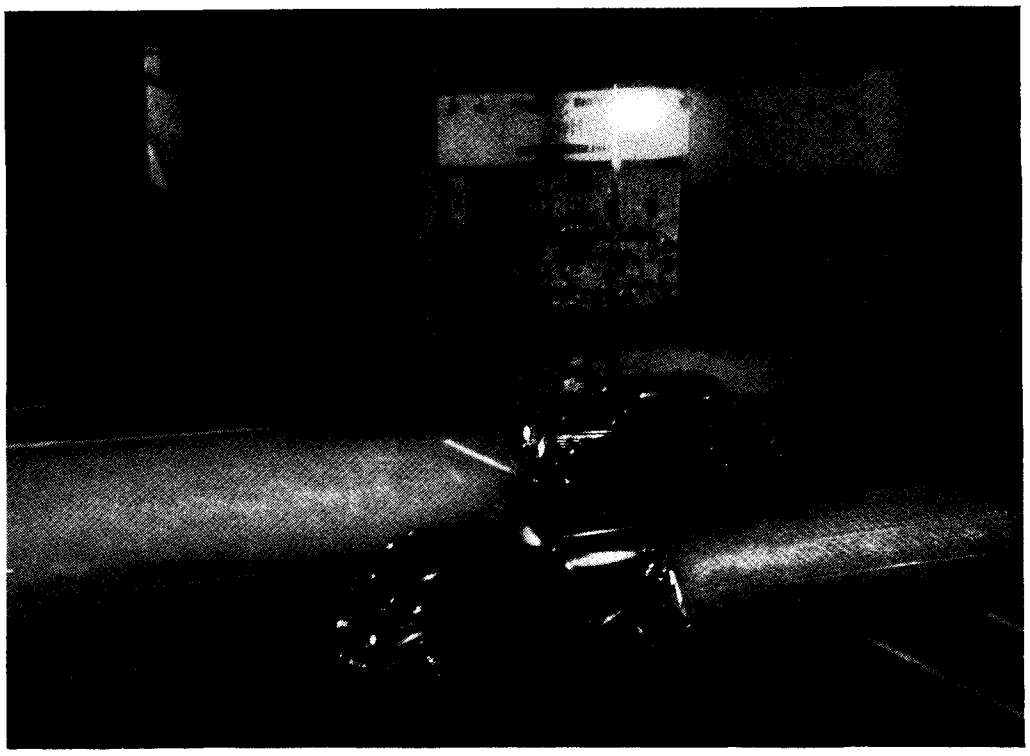

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The Runaway

Continued from page 16

Becky laughed joyously.

"Imagine me trying to get off anything like that!"

She kissed Gibbs, with that floating dramatic feeling that only the consciousness of looking her best before an important party gives to a woman, and went downstairs. Stephen Dinsmore was waiting for her in the library. He explained that a second earlier he had felt a sharp pain in his eyes, and when she came in was pressing one of his fine clever surgeon's hands against them. Becky was aghast.

"You've a headache?"

"No, no, no! I'm all right." He had risen to meet her; now he sank back in his chair, and she saw beads of water glistening on his forehead.

"You mustn't go! I don't care about the opera! If you've a headache—"

"It won't last a moment," he said, taking his fingers from his eyes and smiling. "It's nothing."

And suddenly he was quite himself, if a little pale after what had apparently been a sharp onset of pain, and they could enjoy their meal in great felicity.

Barbara loitered in to join them; she was going over to Kate St. Michael's to play bridge.

"Give my love to that crook Laurence if you see him!" she grumbled.

"And what does that mean?" the doctor asked, when he and Becky, warm in fur rugs and big coats, were being smoothly rushed toward the city.

"Barbara likes this artist, Laurence Moulton. You met him."

"Did I? One way and another Barbara makes herself rather miserable about young men. We're stopping here for the Holidays, Becky. Judge Holiday is a real musician, and she used to sing. You'll like them."

THE elderly couple were ready; came down immediately from a great stone house upon which the winter moon was coldly shining. Becky moved to the middle of the seat; felt Stephen Dinsmore's arm go part way about her as they adjusted themselves to make the most possible room. She fell silent as they went on their way, glad to be free for her own thoughts of her first opera.

Well before the rise of the curtain she was seated in the front of the box, watching with fascinated eyes the gathering of the brilliant audience, the slow filtering into the boxes of other fortunate girls in beautiful frocks. The violins began to whine, and as the lights fanned lower and were gone, and the first hush of silence fell on the house, her heart began to beat with a heady rapture. With a great shattering sigh she settled down to an evening of ecstasy.

Afterward she could not join in the pleasant confusion and laughter in the box. She was dazed, stunned, her eyelashes wet. All the others went away, and Laurence Moulton came up to talk to her. The lights were bright now; the orchestra pit and half the seats and boxes empty.

"Gorgeous, isn't it?"

"Oh, Larry, what music!"

"Yep, it's gorgeous. She's in great shape tonight, everyone says. I've never heard her before."

"I never—dreamed—" She was still bewildered, speechless. After a while she asked him the position of his seat.

"I have no seat, darling. I'm standing, and I may go home after I come up and see you again. I mustn't miss the eleven-fifteen."

"You didn't tell me that you were coming tonight."

"I wasn't when I talked to you. I came because I had to see you, had to hear your voice again. D'you know what that means?"

"It can't mean anything," she said. And then in an undertone, "I was there when Barbara telephoned you tonight at the club. I felt so horrible. It all makes me feel horrible. I—don't like it. It makes it impossible for me to go on seeing you. So please—please help me!"

GROUPS were sauntering back into the boxes; the aisles below were streams of slow-moving figures. Laurence departed, stooping to kiss her hand before he went, leaving her fluttered and uneasy, glad of the returning dark.

After the second act the doctor took her to stroll along the balconies and the wide passages, where hundreds of other folk were wandering and chatting, and introduced her to old friends here and there. She was nervously on the lookout for Laurence, but he did not come upstairs.

"I went down to see Madame Heinrichsen a few minutes ago," Stephen said. "Would you like to meet her after the last act?"

"You mean go behind the scenes?" Becky gasped.

"No, at her own apartment. It's right in this building." He saw the disappointment in Becky's face and laughed. "Would you like to go behind?" he asked. "Of course we will. I'll send her a line."

Madame Heinrichsen was not alone in her dressing room when they went to it; Madame Flammavilla was there. Both women greeted Stephen affectionately, and smiled at Becky for his sake. They turned at once to Stephen and the conversation was evidently taken up at some point the three had discussed before. Becky, dazzled, sat in a corner, looking at the costumes that were hanging on the wall, at the big German maid, at the mirror that flung back a very blaze of lights, at the smeared and sticky litter of pots and jars on the dressing table.

"Well, aye sing and sing and sing even ven dey don't pay me vun zent!" Madame Heinrichsen presently said, laughing. "Steef knows it, don't you, Steef?"

"Oh, they couldn't shut you up!" Stephen conceded, good-naturedly. "You are always retiring to that delightful farm at Helsingfors, only you never retire."

"Yes, this year aye go!" Madame had somewhat surprisingly put a magnificent chinchilla wrap over her kimono, and now she caught youthfully at Becky's hand. "Come on, ve go upstairs and eat, aye don't eat since yesterday!" she said gaily. "Elena, come and have something goot to eat!"

But Madame Flammavilla had an engagement. "I will get cold chicken when I want good hot gnoochi," she complained, "and I will have to sign my name for sixty or seventy keets, but I say I will do it and I do it!"

"Lefty takes the crowd too literally" REAMER KELLER

The other three, with the maid, followed somewhat tortuous but spacious passages, entered a large gloomy elevator, were carried up to an apartment filled with souvenirs of the singer's triumphs, and otherwise furnished with old-fashioned stuffy elegance. There were a great many flowers; there was a supper table by a coal fire, and much good hearty food, and plenty of beer.

"STEEF, you were early tonight. You were in box before overture," Madame said, with her mouth full. She was enjoying her supper with all the gusto of a child. Becky had declined everything; Stephen was at the table, but only making the gesture of eating.

"You saw us?"

"Aye always look for you. If he not there when I sing Ortrud," the older woman said, turning toward Becky, "then aye can't sing. Von't sing."

She was sixty, but magnificently handsome still, with a clean sweet peasant face that was younger than that of many a woman half her age. Tired, hungry, with traces of grease paint still lurking here and there on face and throat, she was evidently happy, and sat enjoying her meal and smiling at her guests luxuriously.

"In this opera aye sing my first time," she told Becky. "And Steef sends me flowers—white violets. Aye am so frightened, so big, aye am like big horse galloping out to footlights. But aye know Steef dare, croying for fear I big flop—"

She looked at him, and the doctor said to Becky:

"She was so much of a flop that one of the finest managers in the country tied her up the next day for concert work for the rest of her singing career."

Becky laughed, and the singer looked at her approvingly.

"Aye sing now twenty-six times, Steef."

"Yes, I noticed that they had you pretty well dated."

"Then, in April, six farewell concerts."

"Farewell, ha-ha!" said Stephen.

"In my home," Madame said pathetically to Becky, "aye have bought a farm. My brother, he is lame since the war, he run it for me. Aye have ten white cow, chicken, two horse."

A LARGE blond young man in white took away the supper table; Madame gave Becky an immense leather portfolio filled with loose photographs, settled back in a deep-cushioned chair, lighted a cigar, and began to talk fluently to Stephen in German. Some hand unseen extinguished most of the lights; the stuffy Victorian drawing room took on more gracious lines in a soft red glow.

Becky looked at pictures, stopped, and looked about her instead. The other two murmured vigorously for perhaps fifteen minutes, Madame gesturing with her smoking cigar. Then Stephen laughed, got to his feet, kissed his hostess on the forehead and brought Becky her coat. In five minutes Carter was taking them rapidly through the dark winter streets toward the bridge into the fresh cold quiet country again.

"Well, did you like your first opera, Becky?"

"I have never," Becky said solemnly from the rugs and the warm darkness, "I have never had such an evening in my life! I can't believe it's me. It'll be days —*days* before I get over it! When I go back to Salletts," she went on musingly, "I'll wonder if I ever wore a Leneau dress and sat in an opera box, and saw Flammavilla come out in her long white dress!"

"You think you must go?" the doctor said, clearing his throat.

"Oh, yes, I must go back. To gather up the dropped threads, to clear up the situation with Gavin, once and for all. To manage, somehow, that he won't keep turning up in my life, humiliating me by borrowing money from the people I love."

"I see," the doctor said on a reluctant note. And for a moment or two neither spoke.

"You'll go with us to Florida?"

"Oh, yes! If you want me. I'm going to write Mother that, for that's an address Gavin couldn't trace. Then after that we'll go home again. And you'll always know," Becky said steadily, "that somewhere out there in the West are a woman and a child whose lives you saved. I don't know how many lives could be saved, Doctor, by just a few weeks of spoiling. But I know that just rest and good hot meals and warm blankets pulled me out of a hole that might have gone deeper and deeper until neither Gibbs nor I *could* get out!"

He thought perhaps that she was cry-

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ing. After a moment he groped with his hand to find her hand, and she pulled the glove from it, and slipped the warm smooth fingers into his, and they rode so the rest of the way, without speaking.

WHEN the doctor was at Hillover, Becky always came down at eight to breakfast with him, bringing Gibbs, who consumed orange juice and played with toast while his elders ate. Afterward she went to the doorway to watch her host drive away.

After that the day in the solid, secure old brick house went pleasantly, serenely, with women going up and down the delicate spiral of the stairway; flowers appearing here and there in clear glass vases; Hatsy's telephone trilling; Barbara's late breakfast scenting the bedroom floor with coffee and toast.

If Becky went into town she was apt to report at the office at about four, sitting among the waiting patients until Miss Mills saw her and sent her in without formality. She never kept the doctor more than a minute, despite his obvious pleasure at seeing her, his obvious willingness to waste a little time. She put but her one question—was he coming home tonight?

"Well, let's see what I have to do here, Becky. Yes, I can be done here in half an hour. Where's Harriet?"

Mrs. Lee, or Barbara or Hatsy as the case might be, had gone home earlier. Becky and the doctor would presently drive out into the country; the man sunk back wearily, smiling and listening; Becky on the edge of the seat, turned sidewise to face him, her eager story of all the day's adventures, and of the adventures and experiences of many other days, making the trip short.

From Florida she wrote him that she missed him. He had gone down there with the family, but had stayed only for a few days; Becky and Gibbs, who was once again his strong little Indian-brown self, finished the five-weeks stay.

While Barbara moved about to neighboring estates, dancing, flirting, involving herself in a hundred different engagements, Becky and Gibbs lived quietly in a roomy shore cottage with Mrs. Lee and Carrie-Sis, the older woman spending long hours on the sand gossiping and murmuring over her petit point with old friends who were established in the same colony, Becky and Gibbs rioting in glorious warm sea bathing that made every other consideration secondary to Becky.

"Barbara's friend Laurence Moulton has come down," she wrote to the doctor. "We all swim together in the morning, and even Gibbs does pretty well. I am very brown; my nose, which was peeling when you left, is now completely peeled and browning again, so I will be Cherokee three layers in. My mother sent me a letter that made me cry; she is happier than she ought to be to have her bad penny turning up again. Gavin has been in town, is away now with Harry Grace in the mountains, but returns every now and then. My old beau Joe Feratta has married a darling girl and they are going to have a baby, and she is a Catholic—the wife, I mean, not the baby—which must be a great satisfaction to Joe's family."

"I HAVE had almost enough sunshine," she wrote later, "and am thinking too much of a certain old white brick house near the frozen Sound. We leave in three days, and it will be good to see you again! But there's a cloud. Gibbs and I ought to be starting west almost immediately."

"What do you think will happen when you get there, Becky?" he asked her, on the night of their return from the South.

"To Salletts? Oh, crying and kissing," she said laughing, "and gossip. Mother telling me everything, and the boys and Dad and Sophy chipping in. And then everything going a little quieter—"

She fell silent.

"You're a wise child to expect a reaction," the doctor observed, watching her.

"Oh, yes, then there'll be all the bad news," Becky said with a resigned sigh.

"You don't want to go back?" he asked, with a keen look.

"I want to see my mother, but I hate the thought of the news of Gavin, whatever it is. It won't be good. I'll have to see him, to hear it all again, the reasons why he didn't keep this job or that, and that he's always loved me, and won't I —won't I give him another chance, be kind to him." Becky's face burned. "After all, I'm his wife," she said.

They were in the library after dinner, her first moment with the doctor alone.

"That, too?" he said now, knitting his forehead, looking into the fire.

"His attitude is always one of 'forget and forgive,' " Becky went on with a desperate little laugh. "He'll say that he knows he treated us badly, but that a lot of it he couldn't help, and won't I be generous, because he's never looked at another woman since he met me."

"And is that true?"

"I don't know. I've no way of knowing. I don't know any of his friends down South. I was with my mother for five months without hearing from him, and then he sauntered in, pleased to see the baby, reminding Sophy that he liked his coffee poured up to the top of the cup, as much at home as if he were the son of the family and I the irresponsible daughter-in-law!"

"Hard!" the doctor muttered.

"Oh, hard to deal with! When he's playing with Gibbs, when he's coming down from the woods with wild strawberries, and saying to Mother, 'I know you like these, Mrs. Gibson!' it's impossible not to feel friendly! But it's no *use*," Becky broke off to say, growing more nervous every minute, "it's no use listening to him, believing in him! He doesn't mean any of it. And now, now that I've been here, that I love this life so, that you've all given me a new—a new viewpoint, and new feeling about life—"

SHE stopped, her throat closing with tears, and came across the rug and took a low fat square cushion of red leather, close to his knee.

"I *cannot* go back!" she whispered. "There must be some way in which I can get free. I don't mean instantly; I'll be patient. But it sickens me to think of his kissing me again—now—now, when I know—"

Again she broke off short, turning away from him, looking into the fire.

"What do you know?" the doctor asked her in a low tone.

"Know—but we didn't mean to tell anyone for months—" Becky said, "that Laurence Moulton and I like each other."

It was very simply said, and the face she turned toward him was not a happy face. Immediately she began to explain:

"From the beginning he knew—he says he knew, that he—he cared for me. But Barbara had talked to me so much about him; she knew him in Paris and in Hawaii, that I never thought—I never dreamed—"

She left the sentence unfinished and started again.

"That very first night he was here, before Christmas, just after Barbara got home, he told me. He told me then. But I didn't believe it," Becky said, her troubled eyes never leaving the doctor's serious face, her hands knotted on her knees. "I didn't want to believe it. I thought I was finished forever with men. So I tried—

"I did try terribly to fight it. But it couldn't be fought. Two or three times,

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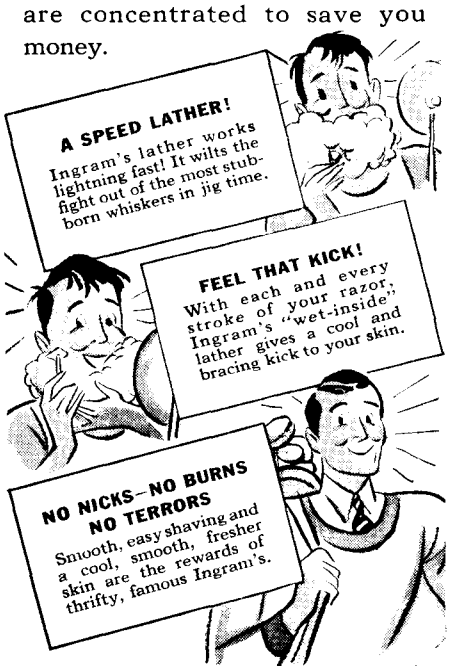
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A little goes a longer way

when Barbara was away, I went to his uncle's studio, and we talked. Once we took a long walk; it was snowing. And then he came down to Florida and we had a few days together. The others were around us all the time, of course, but we managed a few hours together, and I said—I said that when—that if I could honorably free myself from Gavin, and if my mother was happy about it, and if I had the custody of Gibbs, I'd come back and we could be married."

The doctor sat quite still, looking at her.

"I'm sorry," he said, after a silence; "he seems—and if you and Barbara like him so much, he probably is a nice fellow. But—I'm sorry! I lose you and I lose my little boy. I'm to be in Europe most of the summer, so that I'll be busy. But this has been a happy little interval for me, my dear. What does Barbara think of this plan?"

"Barbara knows nothing about it," Becky said in alarm. "Nobody will know anything about it. Not even Mother, until I have settled everything with Gavin. It's not an engagement. It's only that Laurence, who is about the most jealous man I ever knew, wanted something—something to go on."

"Jealous, is he, eh?"

"Oh, jealous!" Becky laughed indulgently. "He's always saying I don't love him; I never really loved him," she said. "I look at other men; I like good times when he's not around!"

"He says all that?"

"To the exclusion of almost everything else."

"Then what about Gibbs?"

"Oh, he—he concedes me Gibbs. He likes him. He's only seen him for a few minutes, twice, but he thinks Gibbs is grand."

"Jealousy can be a pretty serious thing in marriage, Becky."

"I know it can!" her clasped hands were on his knee now; her beautiful gold-brown eyes suddenly serious. "But when a woman loves a man very much," she said, "she keeps him too happy for jealousy. Once we are married he'll be quieter, he'll understand that there are other things in life than just love-making. Meanwhile," Becky went on, "I'm hoping, I'm *praying* that Barbara will come to like Pedar or someone else. Every hour of my life I'm saying, 'Please make it come right. Please guide us to do the right thing!'"

"To God? I remember your telling me that in your very darkest hours you did that. But I didn't think these days exactly—er—called for it."

"I THINK one should do it all the time, to be ready," Becky pronounced. Stephen Dinsmore was not listening; his eyes were far away.

"I think I'm a little sorry," he presently said in a musing tone. Becky, hypersensitive to his moods, fixed her eyes upon him anxiously.

"It wouldn't be for more than a year!" she told him eagerly. "Even if Gavin were manageable, even if it went through quickly, it couldn't be for more than a year."

"No, and we can plan for that year. Yes," the man conceded, "I suppose you must go home. But you'll be back."

In her turn Becky was inattentive, her thoughts far away.

"Will you tell me something?" she said suddenly. Her face, which had flushed hotly, turned pale. She fixed her eyes on his face. "Are you my father?" she asked.

The doctor looked at her steadily, his own color changing.

"Why—why do you ask me that?" he stammered.

"I know something about my own history," she said. "Do you?"

"Something," he answered slowly. "I didn't know that you knew anything. You told me in the hospital that you had been an adopted child. You know more than that?"

"What my mother told me before I was married. When she thought I might do something rash—something foolish. We've never talked of it since. And she didn't know much, not what my real mother's name was, nor anything about her."

"They were friends?"

"They saw each other only a few times. The last time was the day my mother died in a hospital. She gave me to—to my own mother, to the woman I've always called 'Mother.'"

"How old were you then, Becky?"

"Only a tiny baby. A few days old."

"And she died? I hoped she might have lived, after all."

"My mother saw her dead. I know, I know how kind you are to everyone," Becky said, "but it isn't you. Not you alone. It's everyone in this house, your sister and the servants and the girls. They know there's some other reason for having me here, for making me a daughter of the family!"

"The girls and the servants know nothing," Stephen Dinsmore said quickly. "Harriet knows, and the girls know you are the child of someone I once knew. I told Harriet that first day in the hospital when I heard your voice, when I saw you walking away, that you were found. I told her not to be shocked when she saw you."

"You were shocked when I came downstairs dressed for the opera, at Christmas time," Becky said. "The night you said your eyes hurt. Remember?"

"Yes, I was looking through the doorway toward the stairway. And in that dress, with the ruffles around the knees, and the way you had your hair—well, you weren't merely like your mother, Becky. You *were* Madeleine."

"Madeleine!" Becky's eyes filled, yet she was smiling. "Was that her name? You loved her? You *are* my father! From the beginning I think I loved you that way. Was that it?"

"No," he said. "I'm not your father. I wish—God knows how I wish I were! I loved her, Becky, from the time I wasn't much more than a little boy. I idolized her. She was like you, but slighter, a slender little woman. Her color was exactly yours. And everyone who saw her loved her, I think. But she didn't love me. I was a little younger—two years, three years, something like that. And so many older men wanted her!

"And then I had a chance to do her a service, Becky, and I failed her. Her asking me came absolutely without warning, and she'd hurt me, she'd hurt my pride! I said 'no,' and she went away, and I never saw her again.

"But it was about you, her unborn baby, that she'd spoken to me, so I knew you were somewhere in the world, if you hadn't died. And I knew she was gone, for she sent me a little note to say goodby. I tried to trace it, but there was no tracing it. It had been sent by some hand she could trust; it had been mailed in St. Louis, but it hadn't been written in St. Louis. I went there. I searched. It was no use. Babies and mothers and babies and mothers, and clue after clue failing. She had covered her tracks too well.

"SO YOU slipped through my hands. But I took a vow that if ever I could help Madeleine's child every penny that I had should be hers. And time brought you straight to me."

Becky sat perfectly still, her tearful eyes fixed on his.

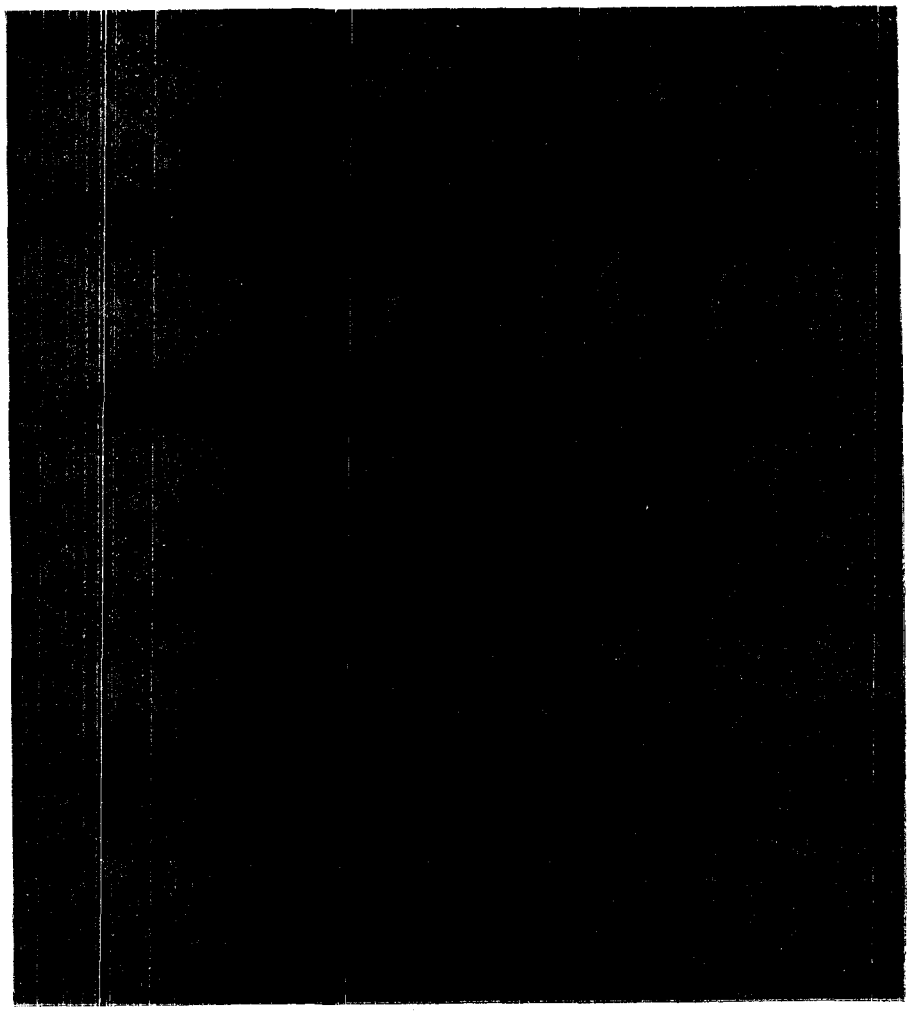
"Now I'll tell you my side," she said. "What Mother told me."

His hands were tight over hers on his knee. Ashes fell in the fireplace and the room grew chill. But still the two voices murmured on and on in the silences of the old house in the depth of a winter night.

It was after midnight when he sent her, tired and white, upstairs to bed. At the foot of the stairs he said:

"If I were your father, Becky, I think I should tell you to wait—wait a long time before trusting yourself to any man again!"

She did not answer. But he saw the



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stricken look in her tear-wet eyes; saw the slow weary drag of her feet as she turned and went upstairs.

"And when do you go, Becky?" Duane Fox asked, in the voice of one who knows the answer.

"Tomorrow night. We drive into town at about nine, wake Gibbs up to take him in (he'll have supper as usual and go to bed), and are on the train at midnight. Then I'll put him right to bed. We're in Chicago at ten tomorrow night and make close connections with the Overland. And home on Friday!"

"That's San Francisco?"

"Sacramento. We get off at Sacramento. Mother and Dad ought to be there!"

"You like the prospect," Laurence said gloomily. "If I were leaving you for six or seven weeks I couldn't sing about it!"

"I wasn't singing," Becky said, laughing. "Larry, if you could see your face! But I've not seen my mother for two and a half years. When she last saw Gibbs he was a little baby; he couldn't even sit up in a high chair. And, of course, I want to show him off to everyone I know!"

"Including Gavin Flood," Laurence said briefly. Becky, seated on the arm of his chair, leaned over to touch her cheek to his thick fair hair.

"I believe this poor little nitwit is jealous," she said dreamily.

"You know it!" Laurence said, twisting about to kiss her cheek.

"Yes; I'm glad to go home, and say that I'm sorry I've given them so much trouble," Becky presently said in a more serious mood. "And I'm glad to get the other thing started. I don't feel that I belong there any more. When I come away again I want it to be all cleared up and closed behind me."

"God, I wish you didn't have to do it! They may pull that interlocutory year on you!" Laurence muttered.

"Oh, they will!" said Becky. "That's California law. I know, because I—"

"IT ISN'T Nevada law," Laurence interrupted in a low voice.

"No; but why should I go to Nevada? It's expensive, and it would be lonely, and it would distress Mother terribly. If I have to do that," Becky said, "I'll come back here and make this summer trip with Doctor Dinsmore and Mrs. Lee, and then go back to California in the fall."

"And what would that accomplish?" asked the older man.

They were having tea in the studio on a wild February afternoon of wind and sleet. The afternoon was spent; the high windows were almost dark; Laurence had finished the sketch in pastel he had been doing of Becky's head, and they had gathered around the stove, whose iron sides glowed red against the encroaching cold.

Duane Fox was a stout man with a rosy face and silvered hair. His gray eyes were covered with strong-lensed glasses; when he smiled he showed handsome white teeth. He wore loose wide slacks of well-worn corduroy, streaked and spotted with odds and ends of paint, and a ticking smock faded and equally paint-spattered but stiffly ironed and recently washed. Under the open collar of the smock a heavy brown sweater showed itself; his ankles were bare, his feet thrust into heavy fur slippers. Laurence as always was picturesque. His fair loose hair was tumbled, a smooch of vermilion chalk lay across one cheek, his old white silk shirt and sleeveless sweater, his disreputable blue cloth slacks were all informal, and yet he looked his best somehow, comfortable and right in his own setting.

"Well, it would accomplish this," Becky said in answer to Duane's question. "It would mean that for once in my life I did something deliberately, didn't run away from one thing to plunge blindly into another. Doctor Dinsmore has been an angel of goodness to me. He loves Gibbs, he's taken a tremendous fancy to him, and I think he loves me. He wants—he really wants the fun of showing me London and Paris. He said so in so many words the only time we talked about it. He's taking Carrie-Sis—she'll run Gibbs—and we're to be gone until September. That doesn't seem too much to give him! Then I want to be with Mother for a while. She loves Gibbs, too."

"What is this, a marriage or a farewell tour for Gibbs?" Larry demanded. Becky laughed again, unalarmed.

"Why not do this?" said Duane, thinking it out. "Becky goes west and gets a Reno divorce. I know you don't like the idea, my dear, but it only takes six weeks, and in the kind of life you and Larry here are going to live nobody's going to raise eyebrows at you. Then you come back, join the Dinsmore family here, make your plans to go abroad, and get quietly married to Larry right away. You go to Europe, have your trip, and when you come back announce your marriage. Then a certain fat old fool gives you a check for—say, three thousand, and you and Larry are off by way of Panama to California for a honeymoon! Your being married will keep Iago here quiet; you can have a few weeks in California, leave the small boy there with your mother since she loves him so, and come back here to paint great masterpieces in this very room."

"Ah, you're awfully kind!" Becky said, more touched by his thoughtfulness than convinced of the wisdom of the course he outlined. "That—that would—" she began, feeling her way. "Wouldn't that make you worse than ever?" she asked Laurence with a little helpless laugh.

"I'M MUCH more civilized than you think I am," Laurence told her, rubbing his cheek against hers. "I want my wife. I grudge every moment that we'll be separated. But when the old boy here makes a plan as reasonable as that, and goes to the trouble of having the Lodge all done over for you and me—"

"You're not doing that?" Becky interrupted, turning toward Duane. She was familiar with the snowy exterior appearance of the Lodge, a small tenant house that had been spared when a great fire had swept away the old colonial house to which the studio-barn had belonged.

"It's not very interesting," Duane said. "Four rooms downstairs, two rooms upstairs. Some day we'll go farther down the island and find a place big enough for us all."

"I don't think I'd want to leave Gibbs very long with Mother," Becky said, anxious to make that clear in the very beginning of planning. "There's his father, you see, who might make things unpleasant."

"It would only be if you two decided to run over to Paris for a few months. Paris is no place for children," Duane said.

"Oh, this is such fun, planning!" Becky laughed. "A year ago I was working in Rheingolder's, and now—opera, and Florida, and a drawing room to California! Doctor Dinsmore brought the tickets home last night—"

"AND what does he think of this idea?" said Duane.

"My going west?"

"Well, and marrying Larry?"

"Oh, I only hinted that. I said 'if' and 'if' and 'if.' I said I wanted to be free, and I do. But I didn't say anything definite about Larry simply because I'm not free. Not yet. You see, Doctor Dinsmore doesn't know Larry. He's met him—you remember, Larry? That night when you and I were talking by the fire and the others were all playing games. But then he only thought of him as a man Barbara liked."

Duane Fox chuckled.

"He'll have to come to know you better, Larry," he said.

"You said it," Larry agreed on a quiet little laugh of his own.

Becky felt her skin prick for a second on an inexplicable feeling of discomfort. She could not see Larry's face, for she was seated on the arm of his wide chair, but she could look at the other man. Something about him frighte..d her for just a fraction of time; it vanished almost before she was conscious of it, but she remembered it afterward and wondered about it.

Duane Fox was about Doctor Dinsmore's age, but he seemed older, she thought, because of a certain careless disorder in dress, a certain effect of not having been quite completely groomed. Where Stephen was erect, businesslike, frowning in concentration upon some problem, Duane was lax and indifferent or contemptuous, talking a great deal, habitually eating and drinking too much according to his own confession, interested supremely and primarily in himself, and secondarily in art as he saw it.

As a portrait painter he had had a certain vogue many years earlier, had made large sums of money rapidly and easily. He had studied in Paris, learned to jabber certain French phrases readily. For years he had collected bronze and copper trifles, filled his walls with not quite good pictures bought for almost nothing at sales in Brittany and Flanders. In conversation he was racy, amusing, often vulgar and sometimes shocking, but his was a personality that carried off with good grace what might have been offensive in another man.

Of women he had nothing good to say, although his frank and rambling recollections testified to the fact that there had been many in his life and that they had been more than kind to him. A beautiful English model, an Austrian woman doctor, a Russian dancer, countless affectionate little Parisiennes, he spoke of his careless possession of them all; and Becky never doubted that a certain fascinatingly ugly trained nurse of some forty years, who once came to the studio and showed under her gallant rattle of unrelated matters a pitiful desire to win him back to some previous status of friendship and feeling, was one of them.

But she couldn't help liking even if she didn't admire him. From the moment of Larry's introduction, when Duane, who was suffering from a serious eye trouble, had peered at her with his heavily glassed eyes, she knew he had put her in a class quite apart from the rest of her sex. He had drawn her to talk of herself, and in return had made himself so convulsively funny with his own memoirs that both she and Larry had had to put their heads down on the luncheon table and cry with helpless laughter.

Like all good storytellers he was inspired by the right audience, and went from yarn to yarn with an air of naturalness and simplicity, with much ingenuous revelation of his own stupidities and amusement at his own expense. Larry told Becky later that he had never seen his uncle in better form, and Becky could truly answer that she had somehow known that the older man was in high and in unusual spirits, even before Larry told her.

APART from this flattering beginning of their friendship, he showed her and showed Larry in a hundred practical and generous ways that he was delighted with the prospect of the introduction of a new niece, and even of a small noisy boy, into the family. With the rehabilitation of the Lodge in mind he had seen painters and plasterers immediately after Larry's confidences regarding Becky had been given him, and on the evening before this very day, when the three of them sat about the hot stove and drank the tea with which the painters always finished their working day, he had had a long talk with Larry as to the actual details of the affair.

From their seven-o'clock dinner, served by a neighboring farmer's daughter who often cooked them a meal or spent odd hours cleaning the studio-barn, until the small hours of the morning the two men had discussed the situation, and at the end Larry's one word for his uncle had been that he was a prince.

"We'll go 'way down past Good Ground and the Moriches," Duane had said; "we'll find some old place that'll seem more like a home to her. I can turn in a few bonds and launch you, and if I were you I'd persuade her to make it Paris for six months or a year, and leave the child in the West. Better for him and better for her than trying to make a go of it with a kid and an old codger like me in the picture. Then—say in the fall, or maybe next spring—come back and we'll house-hunt. Meanwhile, I'll hibernate here, listening to the radio and getting too fat, and having my little chuckle to myself in the dark!"

(To be continued next week)

"Oh, dear, they've seen us! Now we'll have to go over and say hello"

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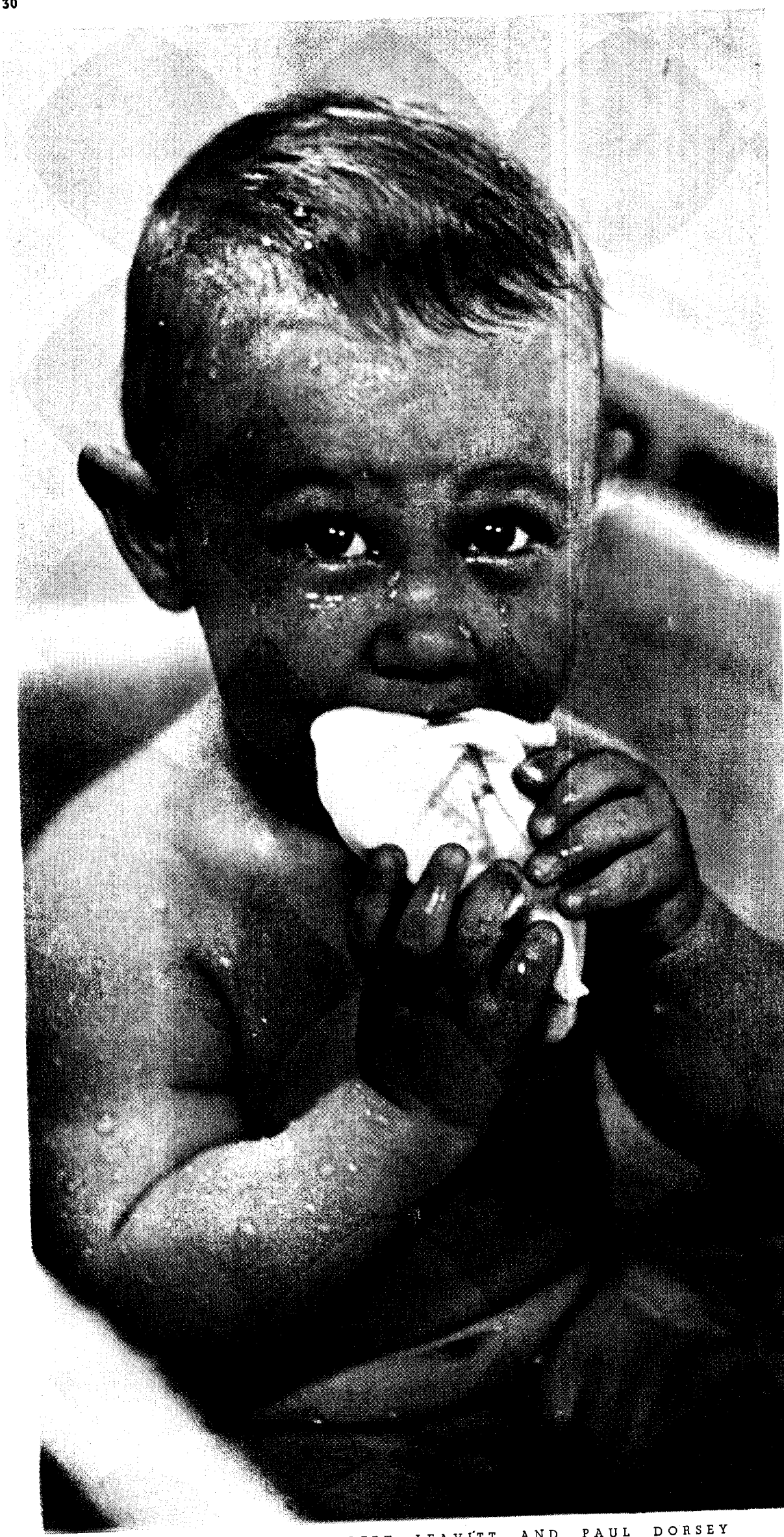

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT LEAVITT AND PAUL DORSEY

White-Collar Babies

By Maxine Davis

Good news for babies—low-cost schools for baby tending now turn out expert parents in quick time, saving wear and tear on Mamma, Papa and the younger generation as well

YOUNG parents on either side of the tracks in any town face the arrival of their first-born with a truly democratic equality of ignorance. None of them know any more about formulas or soft spots or the vitamin alphabet than about the new farm bill.

Naturally, the problem is of paramount importance to the expectant mother. She haunts the departments in the shops filled with little pink and blue things. She sews and knits, and she does her best to put her family and friends to work, too.

Ultimately she has to be more practical than that. Therefore, if she is quite well-to-do, she hires a trained baby-nurse before she goes to the hospital. If she is quite poor and lives anywhere near a clinic, she goes to one and gets excellent prenatal instruction and demonstration in the care of her baby.

The girl in between these extremes has no such luck. She has to take full charge of the noisy newcomer—and without benefit of the thorough knowledge the free clinic dispenses. Consequently her life for a couple of years is packed with troubles.

Take Evelyn Masters. Evelyn is like many of us. She graduated from college, worked in an advertising agency until she fell in love with one of the artists and retired from her typewriter to live happily ever after in a small but streamlined apartment with a view of New York's glamorous East River—if you peer way over at the right!

Naturally, Evelyn can't afford one of those fancy-priced nurses you'd never dare to call by their first names—if they have any. She never dreams of going to one of the city's first-rate maternity centers. Somehow, they are not for her sort of person.

Like any sensible girl, she visits the obstetrician regularly and finds he's glad to answer any questions. That doesn't take much of his time, for, with no previous instruction or experience, she rarely thinks of any. Evelyn framed her B. A., with her head buzzing with Spinoza and Spencer and even Walter Lippmann, but with no inkling of the fact that sugar in the baby's water will make him drink it—and maybe give him colic, too! The doctor is no help. The ABC's of babyhood are so familiar to him he assumes they are something every woman knows—an obvious fallacy.

So Evelyn buys a book and studies it assiduously. Her book, in common with many standard works, is very good, but of necessity too general to cover every situation.

With this miscellaneous and uncertain instruction she goes to the hospital. After about two weeks she totters to the nursery to learn how to bathe the baby. "See. Easy as that," says the nurse as she flips the pink angel.

It's not as easy as that. When Evelyn gets home she's still wobbly. She can't flip the baby. He doesn't get his back washed for a week.

She finds there's a whole world of things she doesn't know. She's frightened to death when the Little Blessing's hair comes out. If he cries, she doesn't know whether he's dying or just demanding a change of venue.

The spring scale she had bought—so pretty and so

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NO DEPOSITS
at any time, when you buy your beer IN CANS.

cheap—is about as dependable as an April day.

"Something should be done about women like me," she mourns.

Well, a friend informs her, something *has* been done for her and those like her in New York City. That something is so successful, the idea behind it so obvious, the execution of it so interesting that it may serve as a model in other places.

It's a school for expectant parents in the Masters' circumstances: A course of lectures and demonstrations that provide young people with the minute information and advice about all these details, explaining all they are going to need to know and, important to intelligent folk, why they must do thus and so. The school does not pretend to substitute its instruction for professional medical attention; it supplements it. It is heartily endorsed by physicians who are willing enough to tell their patients what to do, but do not take the time or, indeed, the forethought to go into the infinite minutiae of detail required for keeping a baby healthy and hearty. The school is called a "Modern Course in Infant Care."

You and I will have a more vivid concept of it if we join Evelyn to go to visit it.

We enter a beautiful old house in the East Sixties. It looks exclusive and expensive. It isn't. We learn immediately the whole course costs only twenty-five dollars, and presently we will see that it saves several times that sum.

The room beyond the office is barren of all but the most modern objects. There's a sort of coop with sliding screens on top and sides: the 1938 version of the bassinet. The lacy beribboned cradle, we learn, is as obsolete as crinoline. There's the latest thing in rubber bathtubs, complete with foot levers, slides, straps, tops, everything. It folds. It travels. It will even serve as a bed if required. A table is covered with samples of all kinds of underwear, diapers, food, implements. There is a baby-sized doll of the general consistency of an infant, and cooing correctly in a corner is a real baby.

In comes Mrs. Beulah France, who gives the course. Mrs. France is a registered nurse, famous in her field. She has written and lectured extensively.

When the Baby Cries

Today Mrs. France is discussing symptoms of illness, so the young mother will know whether or not to call the doctor, and what to do until he arrives. We listen, fascinated. For instance:

If the baby's chest breaks out, it may not be smallpox, just prickly heat because he's dressed too warmly. If the spots don't disappear, then wigwag the pediatrician.

If he cries with a sharp piercing cry and pulls his legs up against his tummy, it may mean colic. You should phone the doctor and describe his actions.

If he rolls his head from side to side, or, if he is old enough, holds his hand to his head, he has ear pain.

If he cries with a moan, a low wail, it means he's sick and hasn't the strength to make a big brash noise.

But if he cries with a sharp cry, doesn't double up his legs, and stops when you pick him up, that means he's just being spoiled.

It's patently a good thing for young mothers and fathers to know all these things in advance of the baby's arrival. First of all, you know exactly what you're going to need.

Then, the baby isn't a subject for laboratory experiment. Take the simple matter of mixing a formula. The pediatrician gives it to you, but dollars to doughnuts he doesn't go into details about putting it together. Mrs. France explains patiently that a formula is as individual as a prescription for medicine, and the milk and sugar and water must be measured to the exact drop or gram.

While she's on this subject she exhibits the correct measuring utensils so you don't accept any substitutes when you go to purchase them. Then she branches off into the subject of sterilizers. Nothing, she says, is more important than sterilizing all objects used in preparing the baby's food supply. She demonstrates a satisfactory sterilizer. Then, if you say you can't afford the ready-made variety, she shows you how to improvise one with a gallon kettle, a one-quart glass graduate, a brand-new unchipped enamel pitcher, and a long mixing spoon.

Or take the business of bathing him. If you learn to slide him slowly into his tub instead of plopping him into it, Mrs. France explains, he won't be scared and you won't have a struggle every day for months.

Some of the knowledge she imparts, you see, is extremely important for the well-being of the baby. The technique of mixing formulas and sterilizing materials and implements is vital to his health. Other knowledge saves the parents hours of anguish. Still other instruction saves money—and that at a time when every penny counts for a great many of us. Evelyn purchased ten shirts. Actually, Mrs. France explained, she needed only four. Moreover, nobody had warned her to buy the kind that stretch both ways.

She Tells You Why

This brings out another advantage of this type of school. You recall those bottles and tins of foods and drugs on the table. Mrs. France explains why they are advisable and why others are not. She discusses the milk supplied by the local dairies and the brands of prepared food available at the local stores and tells exactly why some are good and others are not. You see, she has personally investigated dairies, laboratories, factories, and—yes—even diaper services. She gives her reasons when she makes specific recommendations. This is impossible in a public clinic where any nurse or doctor who recommended one manufacturer's products as against another's would be charged with graft and corruption.

This is not a lengthy course. The class meets three times a week for five weeks. The subjects range from environment and heredity down through the problems that arise until the child is two years old. You learn you must begin to housebreak him when he is three months old. You find out approximately when you can expect him to walk, to talk, to begin teething. You learn how to keep his ears flat, his bones straight and sturdy; the difference between summer and winter care; how to travel with him; how to carry his milk; how to test water in strange places.

The whole thing is so obvious it's amazing it has not been done in every community.

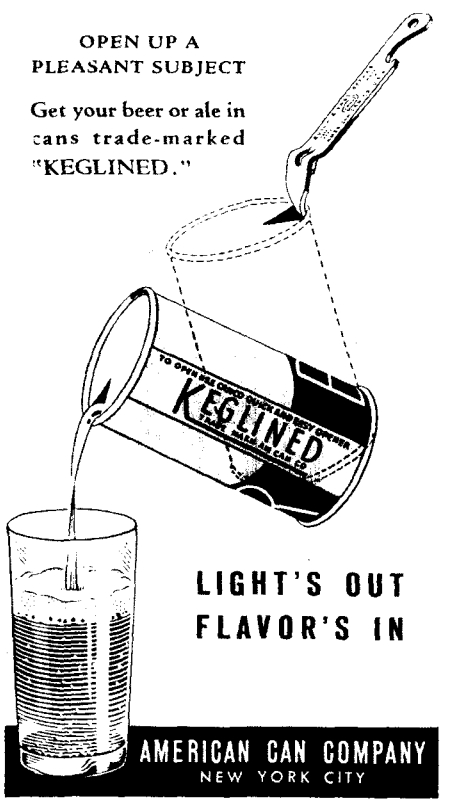
It can happen anywhere. The only essentials are a person like Mrs. France to give the lectures (a good public-health nurse could do it); a place to set up the equipment; and complete assurance that no commercialism will color the advice.

The course should always be open and attractive to fathers. It's a revelation how male parents like information. In some big cities the police have to come and keep order when the department stores give any classes for male parents. A free clinic in Chicago, when it advertised such instruction, drew bigger crowds, it is rumored, than the World Series. Even those one-hundred-percent he-men of the American Legion provide training here and there for expectant or practicing fathers.

I am a Beer Can. I have no past—no future. I belong to YOU. I was brand new when I was filled. I'll never be used again. I am clean. I am safe. I am easy to carry, easy to stack. I protect the delicious flavor of beer and ale because I keep out harmful light.

OPEN UP A PLEASANT SUBJECT

Get your beer or ale in cans trade-marked "KEGLINED."



LIGHT'S OUT
FLAVOR'S IN

AMERICAN CAN COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY

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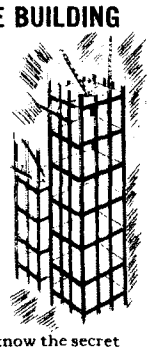
the secret is- DO IT RIGHT

. . . WHETHER YOU'RE BUILDING A SKYSCRAPER



When you stick steel and stone 1,000 feet straight up in the air, you've got to be right—or else! In 1883 W. L. B. Jenny took the dead load off walls and put it on a skeleton framework of steel concealed in masonry. The modern-type skyscraper was born! Tallest building in the world is the Empire State—1,250 feet. Possible only because there are architects, engineers, and contractors who know the secret of doing things right.

. . . OR REPAIRING A TIRE

Skyscrapers are a lot more interesting than a pesky hole that lets the air out of a tire.

But if that little hole isn't repaired right and you're driving along at 50 miles per hour and a tire blows out—the tallest building in the world isn't going to be nearly so important as whether you'll hold the road.

We know the *right* way to repair tires. We have the specially developed materials, patented methods and the correct apparatus to use them. And we have the specially trained dealers to perform this service.

It's called the "Bowes Safety Tirepair System." It is offered only through especially selected and trained service stations which carry the Red and White Bowes Seal. We hope you'll investigate this tire-saving, life-saving method.

Robert A. Bowes

BOWES SEAL FAST

BOWES "SEAL-FAST" CORPORATION
Indianapolis, Ind. Hamilton, Ont.
London, Eng.

Hollywood Doctor

Continued from page 10

hours all day to fill his appointments, and he didn't have enough evenings for all his social invitations.

After that the only way I could follow Pat's career was through the newspapers. He got more publicity than lots of leading men. Every time he so much as pulled a splinter from a star's finger it was heralded as a brilliant advance in surgical science.

The next time I ran into Pat was at Lady Cynthia's. Cynthia belonged to that vague English nobility which no one dared to investigate for fear of being disillusioned. She spoke American with a British accent. She had a coy trick of mixing rough stories with classic references that made her the darling of the town all that year.

Almost any big party the columnists rave about would be a description of this one. There were the big people who looked bored, the unknowns who were thrilled to have sneaked in, the girlish-voiced court jesters, the fan writer who was there to glorify. When I found Pat he was the center of a crowd of women that ranged from hopeful ingénues to hopeful mothers of producers' wives. I knew he was drunker than he looked.

I STOOD on the outside of the circle and watched him. His hands, one resting casually on Cynthia's shoulder, the other encircling a highball glass, still fascinated me. One woman next to me, skidding reluctantly into her late thirties, noticed my interest and quickly volunteered, "The doctor is so wonderful. I simply had no energy at all, and since the operation . . ." She was interrupted by a tinkling crash. Pat's glass had suddenly slipped from his hand and broken on the floor. He frowned a second, and then he looked around at Cynthia coyly and said, "Slips don't count!"

Six months later Pat was well on his way toward becoming a legend. He became a sort of Messiah with a highball in one hand, and a scalpel in the other. Women were ready to swear he was healing them just by looking at them and touching their hands. Maybe he was, in a way. I heard tales of how he could be roaring drunk at five in the morning and operating with precision at nine. And of course, he was saving the lives of Zorelik and Lady Cynthia regularly once a week and twice on Sundays.

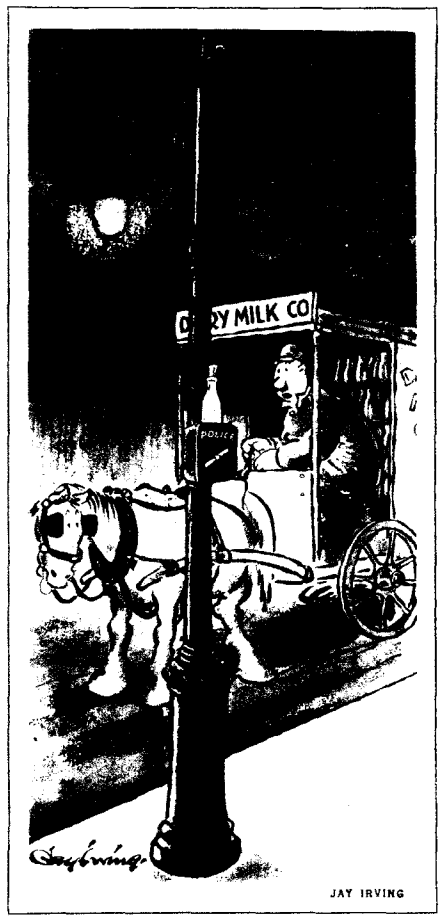
It gave me goose-pimples to see that lean, worried guy I had met in Arizona going through that kind of metamorphosis. Guys who say you can't change human nature give me a pain. I've seen human nature shift direction like the winds. And as I watched Pat dance, I had the feeling that he was going to dance right out of my life and that any day he would walk right by me without even recognizing the guy who had said, "Go West, young man." And I guess he would have, if Chester hadn't suddenly thrown us together.

I always used to stop a couple of moments with Chester and ask him how he was getting along and how he felt and if there was anything I could do for him. And his mouth would always twist as much joy as possible into an "Okay, Mr. Manners, and thanks a lot." But this time he said, "Mr. Manners, I been waiting to talk to you all day. My leg and arm is stiffening up something terrible and the boss says maybe he'll have to take the corner away from me and I thought before I went to the County Hospital I'd ask you to ask your friend, Dr. O'Sheel . . ."

I stopped him right there because he had to strain for every word. "I'd be glad to," I said. "First thing in the morning. Should have thought of that before. Before you know it you'll be sprinting around here like Jesse Owens."

Pat wasn't in his office the first thing in the morning. The pretty little nurse, who I could swear was sporting a layer of Westmore's No. 14, told me he never got in before three. I came back at three and spent an hour waiting to see him.

When I finally got in to see Pat I was surprised to see how fat he had become. We spent the usual minute talking about the way we first met, and then I asked him if he knew Chester and I was surprised when he didn't remember him after all the times he had swung past him into the revolving door. I told him about his case and Pat gave it the casual professional interest, saying if the kid



JAY IRVING

suffered from the usual infantile paralysis, it might be possible to juggle the muscles around so that he could flex his arms and legs.

Then he asks me if I intend paying for it, and when I tell him I'm going East because I haven't worked in three months, he gets more professional than ever. But I remind him that I still think he owes me something a little more important than money and he says, "Don't think I've forgotten it, Al," in that condescending way that is worse than saying nothing at all. "I'll get to it the first chance I have," Pat promised and then the phone rang. It was Cynthia, and Pat said, "Hello, darling, take two more of those black pills, and don't worry. I'll try to get over around six."

"More heart trouble, Pat?" I asked, and if he batted an eye I didn't notice it, and he said, "Have fun in New York, kid," and that was the last I saw of him for months.

When I got back the first thing I noticed was that Chester was limping worse than ever. "H'ya, Mr. Manners—glad to see you," he said cheerily. And then, "Didn't you ever tell him?"

I was so sore I didn't even go into the Derby. I drove right over to Pat's home. He was living in a little twenty-room affair in Stone Canyon then. Parked cars flanked his house for a hundred yards in each direction, but I went right in. I caught sight of all the familiar faces, and the new ones you expect to pop up while you're away. I caught Pat's eye. "There's an old pal of mine," he yelled. "Come on in." He waved happily. I stood on the threshold, not wanting to be swept into that sea. "*You* come out," I demanded.

"That's not the way, Al, never want to be rude," he instructed hazily as he joined me in the hallway.

"I know plenty of worse faults than rudeness," I said.

He could see I wasn't exactly in a kittenish mood and it worried him.

"What you talking about?"

"I'm not talking about anything yet," I said, getting more steamed every second, "but I'm going to talk about Chester in a second and you're going to stand here and listen."

"Now, Al," Pat said, genuinely hurt. "Let's be pals, huh? Just you tell me who Chester is . . ."

I told him who Chester was. "Maybe you don't know it," I said, "but Chester is your next patient."

Pat laughed nervously, beginning to come out of the fog.

"Impossible," he said. "No more operations all month. Have to rest up."

I reminded him of his promise about Chester. I described Chester's condition again. Hoping that flattery would strike home, I said, "It's a fascinating case. It's something really worthy of you."

Pat's attitude had been a slow dissolve from irresponsible merriment to an unexpected tension. "There are plenty of better men than I am," he protested. "Why do you keep bothering me?"

"Shut up," I said. "I don't have to bother you much longer. I'll go just as soon as I have your word that you're going to take care of that kid."

"Why must you come in and pester me now? Can't you see me at the office?"

"I'm going to give you one more chance," I said. "Maybe you've forgotten a little talk we had a long time ago. Maybe you don't want to remember any more. But I'm going to make you. If you don't come through I'm going to write this great Dr. Taylor you used to talk so much about. He'll get a great kick out of hearing how his star pupil passes up a real challenge because it's so much easier to go on slipping fake pills and phony injections to a lot of hypochondriacs whose only sickness is in their minds."

Pat seemed to grow limp and weary. "Al," he pleaded, "for God's sake, believe me. You don't understand. You don't know what you're asking me."

"What's the matter with you?" I yelled. "All I'm asking is this simple favor. And if you've got one good reason why you want to duck out on it, let's have it."

HE PAUSED a moment, fighting within himself, as if he were actually going to give it. The alcohol was pouring sweat out of his pores. He began to mumble something, and then suddenly he switched and said quietly, "All right, I'll do it."

I watched the operation through the glass window from the hallway. That was the first operation I had ever seen, and I had never had an idea what it was like, so I couldn't judge how Pat was working, but I had always heard how surgeons were machinelike and unruffled. Pat seemed in a furor. It reminded me of nothing so much as an inferior tennis player who presses his shots. But

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then, every tennis player has his own style, so I tried not to worry, and when I couldn't stand it any longer I sat down in the waiting room at the end of the hall.

Chester lay in bed for five weeks, and then came the great day when he was taken up to the roof and told to rise from his wheel chair. Pat and I watched anxiously. Tortuously he rose, both arms dangling at his side. "Raise them," Pat commanded. I watched Pat's eyes try to pull those arms from the boy's side. But it was hopeless. "Walk forward," Pat said, his voice crisp and unnatural. Chester seemed to lean against his body, straining until finally one foot slid several inches forward.

Pat clenched his hands and then ran them foolishly through his hair. "Just needs exercise," he said irritably. "Walk him every day, nurse, and report to me."

He went downstairs without looking at me. "Don't worry, Ches," I said. "He's a great doctor. In three weeks you'll be hopping out of here three steps at a time."

Five weeks later it was no different. Pat was still talking about exercise. In fact he had become almost fanatical about it. And I kept trying to cheer up Ches. But Chester was the first to accept what had happened: "Doctor O'Sheel I feel strong enough. I think it's time I get my job back."

I noticed Pat's cheekbones press against his skin as he bit hard. "I can discharge you any time," he said. And then he said, half to himself, "I'm sorry," and disappeared.

THAT day when Chester left the hospital was the last time I saw Pat for a long time. I was always half looking for him at the Grove or the Clover Club, the Troc or the Derbies, but he never showed. I didn't catch his name in any of the columns either. He seemed to have dropped out of sight.

When I finally ran into him late one night, at the bar in the Beverly Derby, I had to look twice to make sure it was he. It wasn't just that he was drunk, for I was used to seeing him that way, but his drunkenness had run away with him completely. There were the usual trappings of the three-day binge: the glassy, bloodshot eyes, the messy stubble beard and the sweaty red face. But there was something else that hit me right away, something more serious—a pessimism whose roots had grown around him and through him, like a character in a Chekhov tragedy. When I first looked over at him he was carrying on a violent and futile argument with the bartender.

"Hello, Pat," I called over.

"Al," he cried out happily. "Friend in need. Make him give me 'nother Scotch and soda, Al."

I got him the drink to save him from making a scene.

"Haven't seen you around, Pat," I said. "Where've you been?"

"Home," he said morosely.

"I've been expecting to run into you here for weeks," I said.

"Can't come here," he said. "Don't know what made me come tonight."

"What are you talking about?"

"I know what I'm saying," Pat said. "I been drunk so long the craziness is wearing off. I can't stand to see him standing out there like a dead stump. I can't get him out of my sight even at night in the dark, even when I'm so drunk I can't see the damned glass in front of me."

"I know how you feel, Pat," I said. "I've been through it, too. But what the hell, you did everything you could."

Pat threw his head back and laughed drunkenly. "Sure, everything I could. Al, you want me to be honest with you, don't you? Dr. Taylor wanted me to be honest. Gotta be honest. Sure—fight with honesty and courage—that's us doctors all over."

He was getting delirious. I half rose. "Let me take you home," I said.

He pulled me down again. "Not until I finish—and you gotta listen, because it's your fault, too."

"Telling you to come to Hollywood?"

He shook his head. "Making me do that operation. I wasn't fit to operate on a common hangnail. I didn't want to do it. I was crazy to do it. Haven't done anything important since I dropped a highball glass at a party. Knew I was licked then. Tried to draw my rubber glove on next day and two fingers hung limp in my palm, like Chester's arms. Lord, just like that. Chronic alcoholism. And then I bungled an operation—I hate even to think about that—and then, then the interne started doing my job.

"It didn't start out as anything—just his giving me a hand now and then when I started to flounder, but I tipped him for that, and later on the tip became a bribe until all my confidence was emptied out of me into that damned interne,

"Gosh, was I thirsty!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

like a blood transfusion. Until finally, there was nothing left, just lousy Scotch running through my veins. I wasn't fit to operate on a hangnail. Maybe I said that before. I know what I'm saying, see. And that's how I felt when you busted in that night. I should have told you to go to hell. But you got me sore enough at myself for a minute to make me want to test myself again. I knew it was going to hurt, but it was like not being able to stop pressing a sore place on your finger because somehow the pain is satisfying. Maybe it took guts to go through with the operation. But it would have taken more guts to admit then what I had to get out of my system sooner or later. Because I can't stand myself any more—I want to run away, but every time I start there's Hippocrates and Pasteur and Taylor pulling me back into the circle, pointing at me."

"What are you going to do now?"

He looked drenched from head to foot with self-pity. "I don't know," he said. "Gotta get away. Maybe to Hawaii next week. Cynthia and the gang are getting up a party."

I looked at him. His eyes avoided me. Then I got up. "Is that the best remedy you can prescribe for yourself?" I said. "Bon voyage."

Going out I bought a paper from Chester, and dropped a dollar bill into his cup.

When I came by two days later Chester wasn't there. Chester's papers were being hawked by a chunky, lusty-voiced youth.

"Where's Chester?" I asked.

"I'm the newsboy who's going to be here from now on."

"That's funny," I mused.

"What's funny about it?" he asked.

But I was already walking slowly down Wilshire Boulevard.

THAT night I was lying in bed trying to picture where Chester might have gone when the phone rang. It was Cynthia. She was hysterical. Pat had disappeared. On the very eve of their voyage. I had to help her find him. He had told her that I had been his only real friend in Hollywood, because I had cared enough about him to insult him. Of course, he was drunk and didn't know what he was saying. But it was all simply terrible, and she would cry her eyes out all the way to Hawaii if I couldn't find him and she never would understand how a darling like Pat could be so cruel.

"I don't know where he is," I said, "but I've got a hunch Pat isn't going to be along this trip." I didn't tell her anything about Chester, though it didn't take a Philo Vance to see that he must be the key to the mystery.

The next morning I dashed down to Pat's office. It was locked, and there was a sign on it reading "Closed." I called his nurse. "I don't know anything more about it than you do," she said.

"But didn't he even leave any word for his patients?" I asked.

"He certainly did," the nurse said. "He told me that if Mr. Zorelik or Lady Cynthia or any of them called I was to tell them to keep on using the same old pills—because the pills were about as genuine as their diseases." She giggled. "Isn't that terrible? I'm sorry I can't tell you any more."

"Don't be," I said. "You've told me plenty."

After that I wasn't so surprised when I received a postcard from Pat. Chester was with him, and he was staying at the sanitarium in Arizona where we had first met. "Dear Al," it read, "this time we're taking no chances. Chester and I are both out here to get in training. We're both feeling healthier already. We've made up our minds that this is going to be one fight that both men win."

Later on I found out what really happened. Pat had hung around the Derby until closing time at two o'clock, hoping he would not have to run the gantlet of Chester's eyes. But Chester seemed to be waiting just as determinedly. Finally, when Pat had to face him, Chester stopped him. "This is the first time I've seen you since the operation," he began. "I've been waiting out here an hour to thank you . . . for . . ." He wasn't able to talk that long any more, and he stopped short.

That must have been too much for Pat. He told Chester the truth. Pat told me later that Chester never batted an eye. He only paused a moment and then he said: "Why don't we . . . try again?"

ALL this time the boys had been listening patiently. Now Jack finally broke out, "Well, give—what finally happened?"

"We'll know tomorrow," I said. "They're operating in the morning."

"Then the story isn't over," Joe complained.

"That's where you're wrong," I said. "Because no story ever really ends with what a man does, but with how he feels, what's ahead of him."

"Yeah," said Joe, "I guess you're right. Let's get going. We'll miss the first fight."

"KISS ME QUICK!"

"YOU WIN! I can't stay mad when you bring me Beeman's! It's got such flavor — a dash and tang and irresistible lusciousness that lifts me right out of the dumps!

They say it's the triple guard airtight package that keeps Beeman's so fresh and full of flavor—all *I* know is, it's *good!*"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

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Java Snack

By Jim Marshall

Introducing the world's heavyweight champion food—a snack that needs only two dozen waiters and a couple of traffic cops to route it from the kitchen to you

BARNEY TOBEY

Three centuries of thinking up things to eat with rice have produced that Batavian phenomenon called "rijsttafel"

OF COURSE, you know all about the lures of the Orient: Manila sunsets and Tokyo bar girls, junks at sunrise and silks, ivories and jewelry from Canton, China, at only a slight advance in prices over those of Canton, Ohio. You've read about the romance of Peking palaces, Singapore slings, Mandalay maidens, Bali ballerinas and Angkor architecture.

But did you ever hear of thirty-two pounds of assorted food, served in luxury, for ninety cents?

And of course you're familiar with the menaces of the Far East: Sleeping under mosquito nets with the thermometer at 92 and the humidity at 75; the danger of having to look at Fujiyama; "coffee"; the belief that ice is a semiprecious stone; trying to eat Japanese food with chopsticks.

But did you ever experience *rijsttafel?*

There are some noble sights in the world connected with food. There is the grim spectacle of a Clydesider gnawing on an eight-pound haggis. There is the eye-and-ear entertainment of a Chinese banquet. There is the appalling sight of four maiden ladies from California squatting on their heels in Kyoto trying to eat raw fish.

But all these pale before the spectacle of an American tourist in Java tackling *rijsttafel.*

We might as well, right now, get rid of this word *rijsttafel* and try something easier. It's pronounced rice toffle more or less and it means "rice dinner." So we'll call it rice dinner.

Everything in the Orient has its reason, no matter how mysterious it may seem. Ships' bands play when entering Oriental ports, not because the musicians are glad to arrive, but to drown out the poignant cries of passengers trying to justify their presence on earth to immigration men. Nothing ever starts on time out East except Japanese trains, because everyone must gain face by being last at an appointment or banquet and nobody will take a chance on getting to a ten-o'clock rendezvous before noon.

In the Dutch East Indies rice dinner is served, not only to fill the two-cubic-yard void which occupies the midsection of most Dutchmen, but to astound visiting Americans, most of whom have their pictures taken fighting their way, dish by dish, through one.

Roast duck is food, pork chops are eatments, eggs are nourishment. But rice dinner is food, vaudeville show, setting-up exercises and a traffic problem all in one. In the first place, it takes ten kitchen experts, a headwaiter, a maître d'hôtel, twenty-five waiters and two traffic cops to get it to your table. In the second . . . But rice dinner needs leading up to.

The American tourist usually arrives in Batavia, which is the capital of Java, a bit done up, as the British put it. The main diversion for visitors in Java is volcano-climbing. This is always done before dawn. Arrived, sweating and scarred, at the crater rim, the tourist gulps down hard-boiled eggs, square-face gin, sulphur fumes and the sunrise all at once. Some of the craters are half-filled with eggshells and gin bottles.

After his ninth crater, the tourist usually sinks into a chair at a hotel in Bandung or Bantam or Surabaya, kicks off his shoes and announces with great firmness: "I have eaten my last ——— hard-boiled egg on the top of my last ——— crater. And that's that!"

Then somebody usually says: "Well, if you're tired of eggs, why not try a rice dinner?"

If we seem a long time getting around to the subject, it is because a rice dinner is nothing to be approached casually, like a small steak or mutton stew. Strong men, coming suddenly upon one in a Dutch East Indian hotel, have caved in. Where else on earth can you find a chunk of culinary art occupying a space a hundred feet long by four wide?

Imagine that—for ninety cents!

Before we order our rice dinner, we'll have to go through the usual tourist routine. You have landed in Tanjong Priok and motored up the smooth, canal-paralleled boulevard to Batavia, the snappy, modern metropolis of the Dutch East Indies. You marvel that Java, an island smaller than New York State and two thirds covered by forest, can support forty-five million people—and amid a score of active volcanoes, at that. In some farming—not city—sections, the population runs fifteen hundred to the square mile. It is increasing at the rate of a million a year, but near-by underpopulated islands—Bangka, Sumatra, Billiton, Borneo, Celebes—form safety valves to which surplus population is being shipped.

There are so many permanent-wave signs in Batavia that tourists think it's the name of the place. All the other stores are apparently labeled Dames

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Kapsalon. As the meaning of this finally dawns upon you, you wonder how long it will take the Little Woman to find out what it means—and also to discover that a Dames Kleersalon is a ladies' dress shop. When this happens there is nothing else to do but stop the car and tell her: "Well, Dearie, remember that a guilder is worth fifty-six cents and meet me at the corner of Binnennieuwpoortweg and Vrijmetselaarsstraat at thirteen o'clock and we'll have a rice dinner."

Most of the literature about rice dinner says the thing "baffles description." This may be true with low-priced, overnourished Dutch writers, but we'll have a crack at it.

Essentially, a rice dinner consists of two pounds of steamed rice, used as a base upon which to erect a fantastic pile of chicken, beef, vegetables, eggs, shrimps, bananas, peanuts, pickles, chutney, *hors d'oeuvres* and what not. The whole affair is then drenched with a few kinds of soup, dusted with salt and black and white pepper, and eaten.

All Dutch East India hotels serve rice dinners and you can get an uncomplicated one, needing only five waiters to serve, at any open-front Chinese restaurant in the islands, for a dime or two. But even the best hotels realize the gravity of the occasion and, while they serve lunch from noon until two, rice dinner is available for but an hour. That's as long as the kitchen and *eetsalon* staffs can stand the strain.

You Sit and Take It

Getting a rice dinner is simple. All you do is sit down, tuck a yard-square Dutch napkin under your chin, feel in your pocket to be sure you have one guilder sixty, and then say, in a firm voice: "Rice toffle!"

Within one minute things begin to happen. From the doorway to the kitchen, far away, there begins to emerge a line of waiters, barefooted, batik-bonneted, gaily saronged. The first waiter bears a deep, circular dish and a large plate. Following him comes a servitor carrying several pounds of rice.

You spoon out a couple of pounds of rice into the deep dish. Then, as you watch a bit popeyed, more waiters come filing in. Each carries two dishes. On each dish is piled about a pound of estimable food, fish, flesh, fowl and good red herring. For ten minutes, you are spooning or forking your choice of more than fifty-five varieties of food onto your rice. After the deep bowl has been filled, you start to fill the plate.

For years, rice dinner was simply fifty kinds of food atop a mound of rice. Then some wandering showman gave the thing a wow finish. Today, just as the tourist gets down to his forty-fifth dab of this or that and is heaving a sigh of relief, the last waiter appears with an oversize dish, borne aloft. This he lowers before the glassy eyes of the victim. On the last dish are twelve kinds of *hors d'oeuvres* to top off the meal.

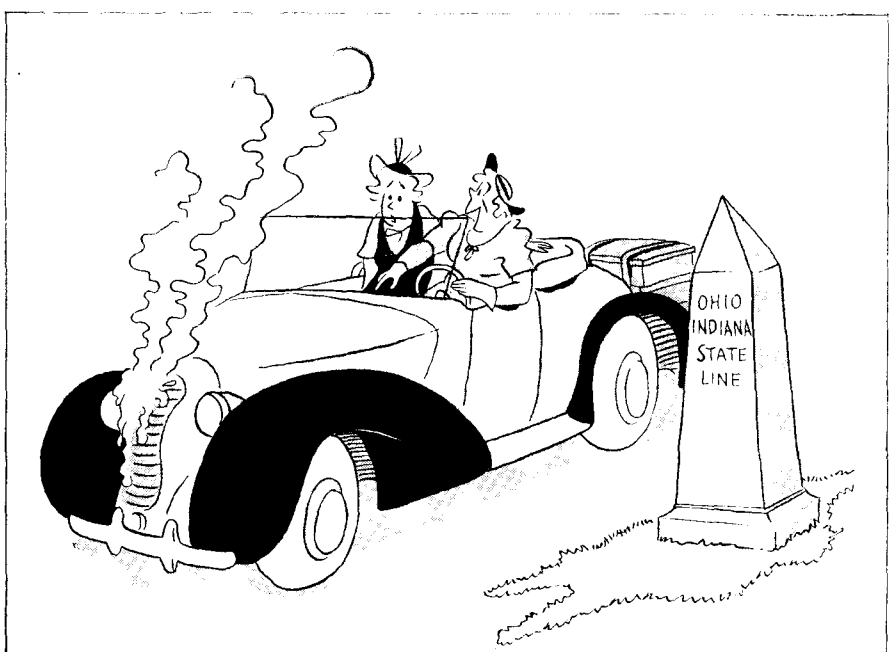
The Dutch assume responsibility for the invention of rice dinner. They say it started about three hundred years ago when the first Hollanders came to Java. Nearly all the ingredients of a regular Dutch banquet were lacking, so the Dutch got to work on the rice, which was the staple food of the natives, ornamenting it with vegetables and fish.

As a matter of fact, rice dinner was a going concern in India thousands of years back. From there it was brought down the Malay peninsula, across to Sumatra and then to Java and the other islands during the various Indian migrations. Its origin was simple and inevitable: The main food of the people was rice, a singularly depressing staple diet, being tasteless and having to be eaten in bulk to produce much nourishment. So the natural thing was to help the rice down with a slice of mango, a chunk of dry fish or any tasty morsel that came handy. This system established, back in the dim and distant, human nature did the rest. In some forgotten Indian town, little Gokri Lal came running home one day and bawled that the Mohammed Alis down in the bazaar had three sorts of meat with their rice.

"Is that so?" said Gokri Lal's mother, rolling up her *sari*. "I'll show them upstart Alis."

So she tossed a party and had rice with four kinds of vegetables, two sorts of fish and a dab of curry. . . . From then on the competitive spirit worked—more and more side dishes, more and more servants to carry them in. In the old days, bejeweled rajahs worked up to four hundred dishes, borne by half that many turbaned servants.

In those days, a rice dinner would weigh as much as a hundred pounds per man; take as long as eight hours to serve and eat. Today's rice dinners rarely run over thirty-two pounds, require the services of fewer than fifty men to prepare and serve. Yet Americans in Java think the spectacle of themselves surrounded by twenty-five waiters is worth hiring a photographer—with a panoramic camera—to record it for posterity.



"No wonder we've been eleven days driving from New York. Look—low gear!" BO BROWN

1 This helmeted dinosaur is Corythosaurus, dweller in prehistoric marshes. Old as he is . . .

2 . . . Corythosaurus is young compared to the crude oil used in refining Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil. Sinclair Pennsylvania is expertly refined from the famous Bradford-Allegany crude—mellowed and filtered in the . . .

3 . . . earth for millions of years before Corythosaurus lived. In use you'll find Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil stands up better, lasts longer and saves you money. Ask your nearby Sinclair dealer. You'll like the way he treats you.

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Lithograph by James E. Allen, under the supervision of Dr. Barnum Brown, of the American Museum of Natural History.

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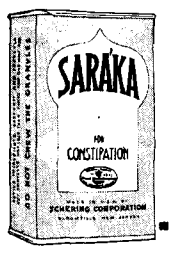

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Death in the King's Room

Continued from page 18

Bazarada's heavy lids were lowered so that his eyes were mere slits.

"I should be glad," he said, addressing Malcolm Brissard, "if you would permit my friend Maurice and myself to retire for a short consultation. I am deeply interested—and I want to make further and private investigations."

When we were finally alone Bazarada stared at me and his stare was disconcerting.

After a time, he spoke: "Were you ever in the Malay country?"

This abrupt question came as a shock.

"No. Why?"

"Well—if you weren't—it doesn't matter. I may take it that you never heard of the singing reed?"

"The singing reed? No—what is it?"

"In my opinion, Maurice, it's something curiously like the Laley Minstrel!"

I stared, but could think of nothing to say.

"I have been at some pains," Bazarada went on. "I started my inquiries before I left Manchester—to obtain all particulars about Laley Old Place. It belongs without doubt to the somewhat extensive list of haunted houses in the Peak district of Derbyshire. The Laley Minstrel dates back to the Middle Ages. His harping is supposed to herald the death of someone in the house. I have read up his record. And I hope"—he held up the long envelope that contained the old plan—"to learn more from this."

"You seem to know quite a lot already."

"When Malcolm's invitation reached me in Manchester I set inquiries afoot immediately. Then I wired you. Here we are!"

I STOOD up from the armchair in which I was seated, crossed the room and threw open the window. It overlooked the orchard to which Malcolm had referred during the evening, and beyond which formerly there had been a chapel. I stared out.

From selected points, Laley Old Place was visible for miles around—it stood upon a considerable eminence. South of the orchard at which I was looking the ground fell away very steeply, for instance, so that, turning my head slightly to the left, I could see the tops of trees in the valley below.

Came Bazarada's voice from behind me:

"What direction is the wind, Maurice?"

"Westerly, I should say."

"It's always westerly when the minstrel plays . . ."

I turned sharply.

"What do you mean?"

"I got exact dates from Malcolm and I called up the Air Ministry. On all three occasions when the minstrel had been heard, there was wind . . . and the wind was a west wind!"

"Possibly a coincidence."

Bazarada's top lip tightened.

"And possibly not! You notice that wide ledge to the left of your window, Maurice? It ends at a balcony—the balcony of the room known as the armory—now used by Aylmer as a workroom. Four feet below the balcony is a red-tiled penthouse roof. The building is a potting shed. There's pipe from there to a rain-water tank below. It's an easy way down and an easy way up. Wear tennis shoes."

"You mean—"

"I mean that when everyone is safely asleep I will meet you outside the potting shed."

We went into the billiard room, which opened out of the haunted dining room. Laroo lay on a settee half in shadow, her chin cupped in one hand and high heels raised in the air. She was disinterestedly watching the play and steadily munching chocolates.

Bazarada suggested that when the last two points had been made it might be a good idea to turn on the radio. Malcolm was enthusiastically in favor.

"Reception is bad about here," he said; "it seems to be a sort of blind spot on this slope. Aylmer has been tinkering with it for weeks, haven't you, old man?"

"Yes," Aylmer Brissard replied vaguely, and missed the shot, giving Malcolm the game.

We returned to a rather barely furnished lounge that occupied a great part of the south front, and managed to pick up some dance music. Malcolm was a fine dancer; and in Laroo he certainly had a charming partner.

Aylmer danced only once. I smoked my pipe and watched Bazarada.

He was seated in an armchair, studying the scene under drooping eyelids. When presently we broke up for the night, Laroo, who had been allotted a double bedroom, insisted that Mrs. Hample should occupy the second bed.

"After all I heard tonight," she said, "I just couldn't close my eyes. I shall see harps everywhere, even if I don't hear them."

Back in my room I prepared for my meeting with Bazarada. As the party had separated for the night:

"Look out for me from your window," he had whispered. "It won't be before midnight. My route is more tricky than yours, and I have to be careful."

It was five minutes to twelve when I extinguished the light and groped my way in darkness to the window overlooking the orchard. At any moment now I expected to see Bazarada on the gravel path below me. I craned out, and as I did so—

"Buzzy!" I heard, in a hysterical shriek—"Maurice!—Buzzy! For God's sake—*hurry!*"

It was Laroo!

Her room was on the same floor but right at the end of the long corridor. All else forgotten, I dashed to the door and rushed out. I had no idea of the position of the switches. Therefore I turned on my flashlight and ran headlong for the end of the passage.

A door burst open. . . . The ray of light showed me a distracted Laroo.

Wearing pajamas, her eyes wide with horror, she burst out into the corridor and, seeing me, staggered forward and threw her arms about my neck.

"Maurice!" she whispered, "Maurice!" She was trembling. "Someone—something—crept past the window! I was wide awake! I was not dreaming!"

MRS. HAMPLE, normally a red-faced, healthy person, now appeared, dragging a dressing gown over her night attire. She was pale and at least as frightened as Laroo.

"True, sir!" she whispered. "Miss Laroo's cry wakened me, but I saw it, too!"

"*What* did you see?"

There came sounds of scurrying footsteps. First on the scene was Malcolm, wearing a striking red dressing gown. Lights sprang up. Then came Hample; close behind him, Aylmer.

Clinging to me:

"Where's Buzzy?" Laroo whispered.

"I don't know, dear—possibly fast asleep."

"What's the matter?"

Malcolm Brissard dashed up, pale and grim, his eyes fixed upon Laroo.

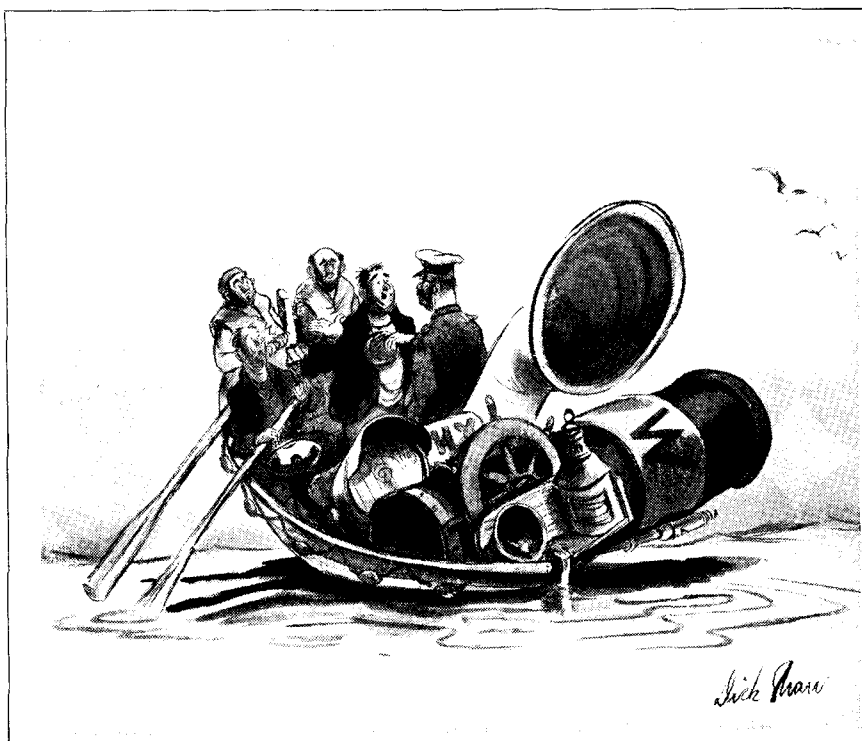
"Something on the balcony outside our window, sir," Mrs. Hample replied. Her voice still held a note of terror. "It was crouching and walking very softly! . . . I couldn't help thinking, sir—perhaps it's because of the things that have happened—but I couldn't help thinking it looked . . . like a very old man, walking with a stoop!"

"I am afraid you good people are imagining things," Aylmer interrupted. "You have all heard the queer music, and the rest, I feel—"

"What's going on here?" came Bazarada's cool voice.

Laroo turned—as he came out of the door of his room, wearing a dressing gown that was even more brilliant than our host's.

"Buzzy!" Laroo cried, and ran to



"Would you mind throwing your souvenirs overboard, sir? It makes it awfully hard to row!" DICK SHAW

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him. "How could you sleep through it?"

A formal search was made, but all windows proving to be fastened, the search was abandoned.

"Mrs. Hample," said Laroo, "I know a wonderful new kind of patience. Will you play it with me?—because I can never sleep a wink tonight!"

As I headed for my room, the disturbance having subsided:

"Bad luck!" said Bazarada, in a low voice. "Short of opening several doors—which I didn't want to do—my route lay along that ledge below Laroo's bedroom. Unfortunately, she was awake and spotted me! We shall have to give it up for tonight."

I went back to my room.

Switching off the lights, I tumbled in. My last thought, as I dozed off, was that the wind was increasing in strength—the west wind. . . .

Daylight was just breaking when I awoke—to find Buzzy seated on the side of my bed!

"Speak softly, Maurice!"

MOMENTARILY I thought that the minstrel was playing again—but realized, as I became fully awake, that what I had heard was a choir of birds in the trees below my window.

"What's happened, Buzzy?"

"Since you fell asleep, two things of some interest have happened. The first: the Laley Minstrel demonstrated again!"

"You heard it?"

"Yes. The room in which Malcolm sleeps is called the Green Room, as you know. It was there, at a few minutes before three o'clock, that the minstrel played."

"Where were you when it happened?"

"Outside Malcolm's door."

"How did you come to be there? Have you been prowling around the house the whole night?"

"Yes—inside and out."

"Were you outside the Green Room waiting for this thing?"

"No. I was on the balcony of the armory."

"On the balcony of the armory!"

"Exactly. Then I hurried to Malcolm's door!"

I sat up in bed, staring at him.

"But if you were on the balcony along here, how on earth did you get to the Green Room?"

"Through *your* room, Maurice! Your window was open."

"What on earth were you doing on the balcony?"

Bazarada took a cigarette from the box beside the bed.

"Not so loud. My inquiry, Maurice, was intended to establish the link between the minstrel and the west wind. My memories of the singing reed helped me. You may remember that just before we heard the sounds in the dining room last night, Hample went up to the armory and closed the window?"

"You may be right. I forget."

"Anyway, he did. I wanted to make sure that it was still closed. But when I climbed up to the balcony—it was open again!"

The significance of this escaped me. Bazarada lighted his cigarette.

"What about it?" I said.

"Most important," Bazarada replied. "I made some other investigations and then returned to the balcony. At a few minutes before three, the figure of a man—whom I am not prepared to identify, as the room was in darkness—entered the armory . . . and closed the window!"

"He didn't see you?"

"No. I climbed along here, went out of your door, and ran to the door of the Green Room. The minstrel was playing! I heard Malcolm jump out of bed; heard him cry out. He started sounding the panels. He cursed quite a lot. The weird music died away. Evidently Malcolm (who doesn't lack nerve) decided not to disturb the household again."

He ceased speaking and watched me in his disconcerting way.

"But what does all this mean, Buzzy?"

"It means that we are going to get really busy if a ghastly crime is to be prevented!"

The following evening, Hample confided to me that the four inside servants, who with his wife and himself made up the house staff, had given in their notices. The King's Room had been prepared for Malcolm Brissard.

Dinner was just a long waiting for a ghostly manifestation. When, toward the close of the ordeal, Bazarada broke one of those silences, everybody started.

"It's bad luck," he said, "but I shall have to postpone further inquiries."

"What do you mean?" Aylmer asked.

"I must be in London tomorrow."

There was an awkward pause, then:

"Which means," said Malcolm, "that I'm to be left alone with the Laley Minstrel from tonight onward? Well—I have nothing to say to that. But I had hoped *you* could solve the mystery."

"So far," Bazarada replied, "I have failed."

"I'm sorry," said Aylmer. "Malcolm and I will miss you all. We have been very happy to have you here."

"They're nice enough," Laroo whispered aside to me, later, "but if I live through the night the big moment of my life will be the moment I leave."

Bazarada's announcement—presumably dictated by the contents of mail received during the afternoon—seemed to have cast over the party a cloud that was in no way connected with the ghostly menace.

Mrs. Hample again shared Laroo's room.

Everyone else having turned in, Bazarada and I accompanied Malcolm to the King's Room. This was a large, finely paneled apartment containing an enormous canopied four-poster bed. Bazarada inspected the apartment closely.

"Note this large oak wardrobe, Maurice," he remarked, and fixed his strange, penetrating stare upon me. "It stands, you see, just left of the door. Probably dates back to the minstrel's days."

"Even if there's no harping," said our host, smiling wryly, "I don't expect to get much sleep here tonight."

Then Buzzy made an astonishing remark: "You won't. You're not staying here . . . *alone*."

"What! Why not?"

"Because I anticipate that something far more dangerous than the Laley Minstrel will be appearing here tonight—"

HE HAD been speaking in low tones. Now, he raised his voice:

"By all means, Malcolm! Come along now. I happen to have in my bag a copy of Maurice's latest novel. If this doesn't send you to sleep, nothing will."

The outcome of this strange conversation was that the three of us found ourselves in Bazarada's room. Malcolm and I sat on the bed. Buzzy walked up and down.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that the object of the minstrel was to get you out of the Green Room and into the King's Room."

"Why into the King's Room?"

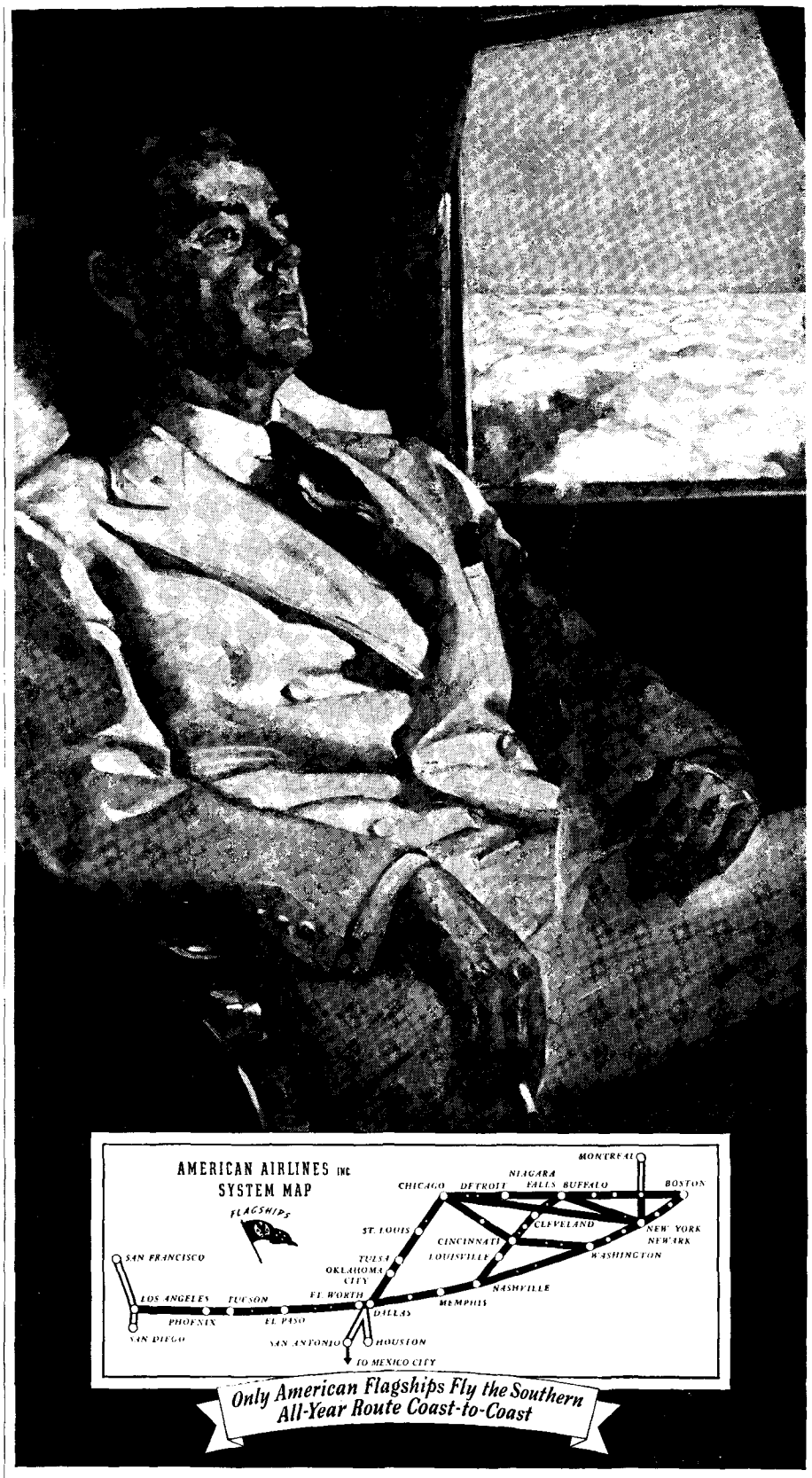
"I don't know. It is suitable in some way for what has to be done."

"And what, do you imagine, has to be done?"

"I should prefer to wait and see. It appears fairly clear that Maurice and I are here as sure evidence. By announcing my departure in the morning, I hoped to precipitate the crisis."

"Buzzy!" Malcolm watched him, pathetically. "You speak as though you think there's something at the back of all this."

"I know it!" Buzzy replied grimly;



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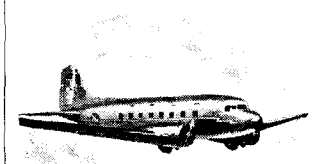

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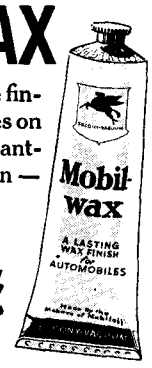

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"and I think Maurice and I are intended to witness the denouement. Now, to our dispositions." He faced us. "Go back to the King's Room, Malcolm. Remember to leave the big wardrobe open. Take this book with you. Make a great point of locking the door—but hold it clear of the latch as you do so. It will then remain ajar. Get into bed, read for ten minutes, then turn the light out."

Malcolm stared silently.

"Toss about as if restless and then slip quietly out and creep around behind the bed. Take up a position where you can reach the light switch of the bedside lamp and resign yourself to what may be a long vigil. I shall come in soon afterward. But give no sign. Do nothing—*whatever happens*—until I call out 'Lights!' . . . Then, switch the lamp on."

"God knows what all this means," said Malcolm, "but I trust to you, Buzzy."

He went out.

"Now," said Bazarada, "along to your room, Maurice! Carefully fasten the windows and draw the curtains. Take off your shoes. Slip the automatic in your pocket. Switch off lamps. Come out and quietly lock the door. Bring the key. It is just a quarter of midnight. In ten minutes be at the King's Room. If in darkness, creep into the oak wardrobe. Leave the room door only just ajar as you will find it. For heaven's sake don't fall asleep. Say nothing and do nothing, until you hear: '*Lights!*' "

"What do I do then?"

"Jump out and have your gun ready!"

This sinister program I carried through without a hitch. The door of the King's Room was a fraction of an inch open. I pushed gently. The room was in darkness. The position of the wardrobe I could not mistake. Bazarada had pointedly drawn attention to it. It was open and I slipped in. There were some garments hanging there, and I sat down in a corner of the ancient oak cabinet without making much noise.

Silence.

I peered out intently. Draperies covered the windows, so that the place was extraordinarily dark. But there was one chink that the moonlight had discovered. It took me a long time to discern even the larger objects. Bazarada, I believed, could see in the dark; furthermore, he could move as silently as a cat. Was he in the room? If so—where?

KNOWING not what to expect—what dread and fatal specter—there was no chance of my falling asleep.

As the minutes wore on, I began to make out some of the broader outlines. I could see the bed . . . and it seemed to me that someone lay there!

Had there been a misunderstanding—an accident? Had Malcolm met some awful end before I had arrived at my post? Was he lying there, dead?

These and similar unpleasant theories obsessed me. A clock in the distant hall chimed the quarter. I had failed to note midnight. I heard, or imagined I could hear, in that fateful stillness, a sound of regular breathing.

I began to distrust my nerves. Half past twelve sounded . . . the three quarters. I was becoming cramped. I moved slowly, carefully—and as I did so a new sound checked my movements.

Faint enough it was, but unmistakable: somewhere a door was being softly opened!

I crouched, looking out.

Something—a new personality, an unfamiliar element—was in the room!

A board creaked ever so faintly.

There was an interval, an interval of seconds only; then came a hoarse cry—followed by a sound as if of wild animals in combat! The bed rocked and rattled, and:

"*Lights!*" came a cry from Bazarada.

Lights sprang up so suddenly that my eyes were dazzled. I struggled to my feet, and, automatic in hand, leaped out of the wardrobe.

Almost at the same moment I heard Malcolm's voice:

"Aylmer!" then, on a note that resembled a groan, again: "Aylmer!"

Bazarada lay half across a man who sprawled on the bed, his head twisted sideways in a stranglehold. . . . It was Aylmer Brissard!

"Stick your gun in his ribs, Maurice!" said Buzzy.

There was an interval never to be forgotten. The captive, released, sat up and looked about him. His face was deathly white—and his glittering eyes appalled me. Bazarada, who wore pajamas, took up a queer object from the coverlet . . . and now I saw blood trickling down his chin.

"Sandbag!" he remarked. "I waited a bit too long!"

Malcolm Brissard, coming out from behind the bed, stared at his cousin incredulously—haggardly.

"Aylmer," he whispered.

"In the event of your death, Malcolm," said Buzzy, "the entire property goes to Aylmer. He was named, and you were left out, in the will that was destroyed just before your uncle's death."

"I know Aylmer succeeds if I die without issue," Malcolm replied unsteadily. "I didn't know—I had supplanted him."

"I found out from the lawyers. Look! That's why he wanted you in the King's Room!"

BAZARADA pointed and we all stared. A door hidden in the paneling stood wide open!

"What's back there in that passage, Aylmer Brissard?" Buzzy asked. "Make a clean breast of it. Malcolm's supreme judge here."

Aylmer moistened his lips.

"One end of the passage leads to the armory," he replied in a dry voice. "I found the way in—years ago."

"And the other end?"

Aylmer Brissard glanced furtively from face to face.

"There's the mouth of a shaft at the other end, just inside a low doorway. Some two hundred feet below there's a well. Listen, Bazarada"—he turned his glittering eyes away from Malcolm—"I suppose, by common judgment, I'm just a low criminal. But while my cousin was running wild in Africa, I worked, I worked like hell, in the business. Burton Brissard was a swine to work for. He had the soul of a sadist. But he had to leave his money to someone, and as he hated Malcolm, in his will he had left it to me."

Aylmer Brissard spoke calmly now—and I found this coolness as appalling as his glittering eyes.

"God knows I deserved it. What change he planned when he destroyed his will nobody will ever know. I didn't mean to see those years of drudgery wasted. My scheme was perfect. How did you find out, Bazarada?"

Malcolm sat down on the side of the disordered bed and dropped his head into his hands.

"I once heard in a Malay forest," Buzzy replied, "a singing reed. It's a big bamboo with holes of varying size bored through the stem. The wind makes music on the singing reed very like that we have heard. What did you use? An Aeolian harp?"

The conversational tone of Bazarada, the cool voice of Aylmer Brissard, suddenly seemed to be more horrible than anything that had gone before.

"Yes—I made it myself. The legend of the Laley Minstrel gave me the idea. When I was wiring the house, I installed the harp. It has ten catgut strings, and when the wind reaches it the effect is remarkable. It hangs between the paneling and the wall just over the inglenook in the dining room. There's an opening above that communicates with the Green Room, so that the harp can be heard there, also."

Aylmer Brissard was beginning to speak animatedly; his peculiar eyes, which I did not seem to have noted before, sparkled with the enthusiasm of a specialist discussing his subject. I glanced at the bowed figure of Malcolm. But he did not stir. I wanted to say to him: "Don't misunderstand. It isn't villainy; it's disease. He deserves your sympathy. Long years of hated labor have broken down a fine brain."

Aylmer Brissard was a brilliant madman! At last I understood Bazarada's conversational tone.

"You opened the big, slatted ventilator," said Buzzy, "when the wind was westerly, if you wanted the harp to play?"

"How did you find the ventilator?" Aylmer asked.

"I was looking for one. You have it geared up in some way to the window of the armory so that when the window is closed the ventilator is opened, and vice versa. Of course, Malcolm"—he turned to the stricken man seated on the bed—"when your body was found in the well, there would have been ample evidence to show that you had heard the minstrel again, found the door in the paneling—and fallen down the shaft—"

"Heave this through Van Pelt's window. I'm going to give our readers an authentic inside series on life in the city jail!"

TOM HOLLOWAY

"Exactly!" shrieked Aylmer Brissard. "Could any plan have been more perfect?"

"Hold him!"

Bazarada sprang—a second too late.

HIS words were addressed to me. But Aylmer Brissard swept me aside. He had the strength of a tiger. A peal of mocking laughter came as the demented man darted through the door in the paneling.

"Goodby, Malcolm!" I heard, dimly.

The splash, when his body reached the water, two hundred feet below, stole up the shaft in echoing whispers. . . .

Laley Old Place today is empty. It is one of those uninhabitable haunted houses for which the Peak district is famous.

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The Honor of the Dixie Belle

Continued from page 22

whether Paw had read it and Alfred said yes he did. I asked him what Paw had said and Alfred said it was just "Foosh!" Alfred finally remembered that Paw had sent his respects to me and to tell me that he had all the planking set in his new skiff.

I did not think it was so grateful of Paw to ignore my warning, but my social conscience was clear and whatever dirty work Mr. Callahan pulled Paw could not say I did not warn him.

About dinnertime I remembered about Mr. Gollomb and went to find him, but Miss Beveridge said Mr. Gollomb had gone for a flying trip to St. Louis and would not be back for two days. I intended to give the ring to my mother to put in her safe but we had fried catfish for dinner for once and I had to go out in the kitchen to superintend Norah and make sure she cooked it with corn meal.

I WAS in my bed not asleep but reading a swell G-man magazine story about nine-thirty o'clock when I heard Lucy's voice out in the front hall asking if she could see me. Miss Beveridge said no she had to wait until morning as I could not be disturbed. But I quick got into my dressing gown and went right out there.

"Oh, Bobby," Lucy said, "did you give Mr. Gollomb the ring?"

"Gee heck, no," I said, "he went to St. Louis before I had a chance."

"Oh, I'm so relieved," Lucy said. "Give me the ring back and forget what I told you!"

"What is this, Lucy?" I said. "First you don't want to marry Mr. Gollomb and then you do and then you don't. Goldang it, you're teched."

Lucy said she had seen through Adrian in his true colors at last. Adrian had come to call and she had talked to him straight out about his intentions. Adrian said he was sure going to marry her but he wanted to take another trip first. Lucy said she did not want to be unreasonable and mean so she said Adrian could take a trip as far as Florida or maybe Havana, Cuba. But oh, no, Adrian wanted to take a trip all the way to Rio de Janeiro in South America. It would take Adrian two months at least working his way on a freighter. So Lucy had seen through the guy and had put her foot down and had severed all relations between them until death.

"I've decided to marry Philip," Lucy said, not in a very good frame of mind. "Mrs. Drumwright says he is above my station and we cannot be happy, but I am willing to make allowances for Philip's extra too much education at that school in England."

"Kafooey on Mrs. Drumwright. What does she know about it?" I said.

But Lucy said Mrs. Drumwright had lived a sad life full of romance. She said Cap'n Dan was in love with Mrs. Drumwright when Mrs. Drumwright was the belle of Louisville, Kentucky, in the old river days. But Mrs. Drumwright would not marry Cap'n Dan because she was above his station. She married Mr. J. E. B. Drumwright that was of the fine flower of the South only drank and gambled too unwisely and was shot in the stomach in the lobby of the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans and lingered for weeks. So years later when Mrs. Drumwright was in reduced circumstances Cap'n Dan met her again and offered to marry her, but still Mrs. Drumwright knew they could never be happy with the social chasm between them, so she just threw herself on Cap'n Dan's protection and lived on the Dixie Belle ever since.

In my sober judgment it was a good thing Cap'n Dan did not marry Mrs. Drumwright as she is mean enough just living under his protection, and I told Lucy that she had better listen to what bitter experience of life had already worked out.

"No," Lucy said, "give me back Philip's ring."

I went to find the ring but that dilly-dumb Josie that was the new upstairs maid had put my linen slacks in the wash. So I had to create a big storm to make them get the wash hamper out so I could find Mr. Gollomb's ring. I finally found it and gave it back to Lucy, but in the midst of it my mother came home from a drive somewheres. She asked a lot of buttinsky questions and found out that Lucy was engaged to Mr. Gollomb. She did not say anything to Lucy, only, "Well, well, this *is* news!" and Lucy got flustered and beat it away as soon as she could.

But as soon as Lucy had gone my mother and Miss Beveridge were indignant. "That young man is up to tricks with the peasantry, I fear," my mother said, and Miss Beveridge said she had never really trusted Mr. Gollomb. His manner was always too mild, Miss Beveridge said.

"Well," my mother said, "he had better not try any tricks with Lucy, or we'll have to get out the shotguns."

"What are you *talking* about?" I said.

"Go to bed, Bobby," my mother said.

"Are you going to fire Mr. Gollomb?" I said.

"Not yet, go to bed," my mother said.

My mind was on fish all of a sudden and I thought of that big catfish or buffalo just waiting to be caught on the Dixie Belle.

"How's for letting me make just one trip to the Dixie Belle tomorrow, darling mother?" I said.

"You still believe in those people, don't you, sonny?" my mother said.

"Sure I do," I said.

"That's right, Bobby, I am proud of you," my mother said. "You have the simple, clean faith of a little child." And she hugged me.

This is a push-over, I thought.

"Can I fish just ten minutes for that big catfish or buffalo, dearest mother?" I said.

IN MY sober judgment, ladies that are grown up enough to be mothers have not any more certain ways you can depend on than girls like Lucy.

"Fish!" my mother said. "Oh, fish!"

"Now, what's *wrong*?" I said.

My mother jumped up and clenched up her hands into fists and said, "Oh, good Lord, why should this be visited on me? Why did I have to bring into the world through great suffering and tribulation a little boy with a face like an angel's and a mind full of fish?"

"Goldang it, gee heck!" I said, "what's the *matter* with fish?"

"Good night, my son, good night, good night!"

She kissed me on the forehead, like an actress in a movie acting up goofy, and went out of the room in a big hurry. Making fun of me.

Foosh, kafooey on you, I thought, all right for you. You are a tyrant just like my father, saying I am not allowed to go near the Dixie Belle and wasting a perfectly good fish that poor people that are starving would be glad to have if I caught it for them.

I tried to control my highly emotional mental condition, but I could not calm down and keep my temper. I decided that I had been pushed to the point be-

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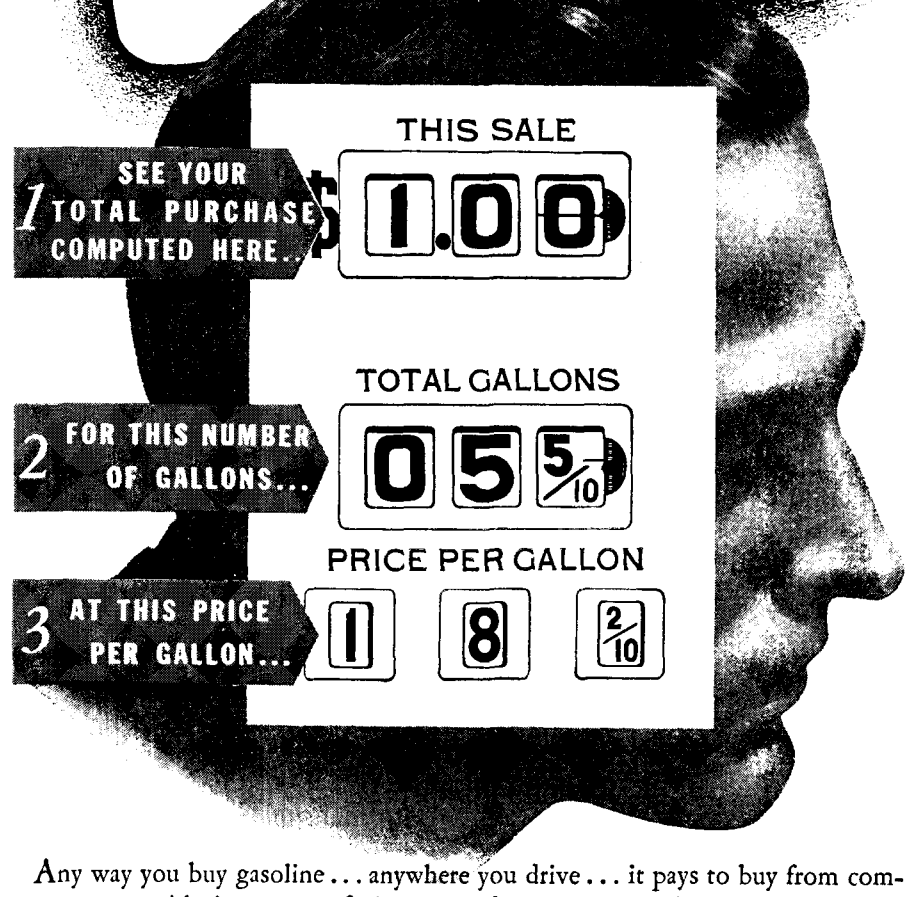

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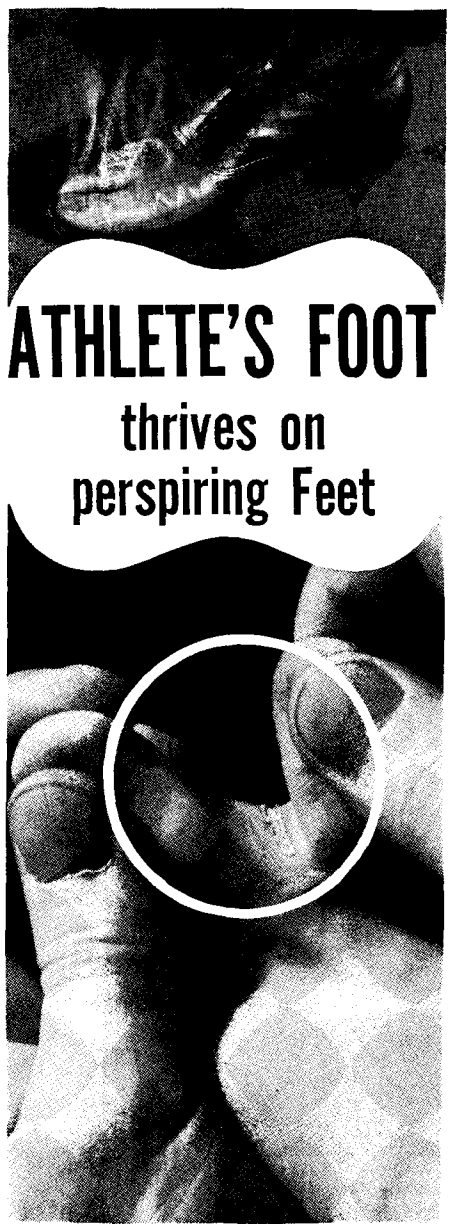

ATHLETE'S FOOT
thrives on
perspiring Feet

Athlete's Foot breeds in perspiration—gets through broken skin

There's DANGER In Those *Cracks* Between Your Toes
—Drench them at once

THE dreaded Athlete's Foot germ actually feeds on perspiration. A crack in the perspiring skin is often a sign that you already have the disease. The germ gets in through that crack! It spreads through the tissues — produces itchy blisters — white, dead-looking skin that peels off in whole patches, causing painful soreness.

U. S. Public Health Service estimates 50% of the adult population has Athlete's Foot at some time.

Tonight look between *your* toes. Splash Absorbine Jr. in those cracks at once!

It *dries* the damp, soggy skin between the toes.
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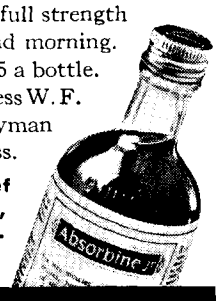
Apply Absorbine Jr. full strength freely every night and morning. At all druggists. $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.



The famous quick relief for muscular soreness, sprains, sunburn, mosquito and insect bites.

ABSORBINE JR.
—Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT Fungi

yond human endurance to withstand.

It sure felt good to come to the final tragic decision and decide to run away. I would leave this house as soon as it got daylight, shaking the dust of it from my feet forevermore. I would go down to that Mississippi River that was the best place in this world and I would join up with Paw Merrihew.

IT TURNED out I had picked an extra good morning to run away, no sign of rain and it was going to be hot to make the fish bite.

There was not any sign of Paw around the houseboat and no skiff tied up. I decided Paw had already started to make his rounds and I would catch him at the backwater. But he was not there and I had to hike all the way to Grassy Creek Slough to catch Paw. It was hot and I had taken too many things in my kit bag, besides not wearing the right shoes.

"Hi-yah, Paw!" I yelled.

Paw was standing up in a blue-painted skiff he must have borrowed and he was busy hauling in a trotline with fish on it.

"Be with ye in a minute, son," Paw yelled back.

I sure felt good to be with Paw; he did not fool around asking you a lot of goofy questions but realized you had a very good, clear and logical reason to be doing what you were doing. Paw pulled the skiff over and let me climb in, kit bag too. I told Paw I had decided to run away from home and live with him on Crawdad Island.

Paw just said: "Did ye, now? Well, thet's allus a good impulse, Bobby. Show's ye wanter be yer own man."

"My mother and my father are both tyrants, Paw," I said. "I only found out my mother last night."

"Did ye, now?" Paw said.

He did not say anything more, and I was in a hurry to get out of sight on Crawdad Island, so I said: "Step on it, Paw. I'm a fugitive."

Paw said, "Rest easy. We got plenty o' time."

But finally we got started for Crawdad Island and it was swell out on that river. Paw had his old outboard that he had to fish out of the river after his skiff was smashed and it was sputtering and knocking something fierce. But Paw sat back there listening to it like it was singing.

NOBODY saw us or yelled at us and we made a safe landing in Paw's secret landing place on Crawdad Island. Paw led the way to his shack, carrying the oars so they would not get stolen, and when we got to the shack he handed me the key to the padlock on the door.

"Make yerself to home, son," he said.

"Where are you going?" I said.

"About my lawful business, dang ye," Paw said.

"When you coming back?" I said.

"Dunno, Bobby. Skeeters is a-gettin' mighty bad out here. So long, Bobby. Enjoy yerself."

"Hey, wait," I said, "what the gee heck is this?"

"Well," Paw said, "you picked this place, didn't you?"

But I said I thought Paw was my pal and would stay with me. Paw said he was a busy man earning his own living and could not afford to take an extensive vacation just now. What did he think I was? I said. Kafooey to staying here all by myself. What did I think *he* was, Paw said, a goldanged member of the idle rich? I said, "All right, go then, see if I care. I can do perfectly well all by myself, possessing ample initiative and resources." Paw said he would go presently but he had better stay long enough to show me how to cook breakfast. He did not want me to burn his shack down.

So Paw cooked a swell breakfast—crappie fish, fried potatoes, toast with sorghum and coffee—on the little stone furnace in one corner of the shack. I saw that this was a swell shack with a big mattress stuffed with corn shucks and near a little spring where you could get water without going to the river for it. If only I could persuade Paw to stay with me, so I thought I would jolly Paw into telling me some stories.

Paw shook his head, stubborn.

"Ye've reached a man's es-tate now, Bobby," Paw said, "an' weaned yerself f'm yer family. This here island is a leetle kingdom an' I'm donating it to yer rent free, the skeeters th'own in without charge. I reckon I'll jest be pushin' along."

"Hey, wait," I said, "you always promised to tell me about Jud Mackey and the King Buffalo fish of the Upper Mississippi."

"Next time I visit ye, son."

"Aw, you don't know the story, and it's a punk story, anyway."

"Dang ye, I'm onter yer tricks."

"You're so old you forget how stories go, Mr. Gollomb says."

"Whut's thet?"

"Mr. Gollomb says he asked you to tell him some stories for his Missouri folkways book that he is going to write, but you couldn't because your memory has failed."

"Why, goldang thet idjity calf-headed, gnat-brained, chicken-livered so-and-so," Paw said. "I recollect every p'int of thet Jud Mackey story because I knowed Jud pussonal. Why, goldang thet so-and-so, so-and-so, so-and-so," Paw said.

"Let's see if you can tell it, then," I said.

Paw took off his old straw hat with the band all sweaty white and shook his head and patted it and rapped it with his knuckles like he was testing a watermelon. He said his head was sound as a hickory nut. Then he sat down on a stump and put his hands on his knees and screwed up his face and spit and cleared his throat and let fly.

"I'm a-tellin' you this story, son," Paw said, "not because I'm sech a fool as to overlook yer sly tactics, but because Jud Mackey an' thet King Buffalo made heestory in Pike County. A body ain't educated ontil he's heared it. The p'int of the yarn is thet a man can learn f'm a fish—"

"Now, Paw, how could an old buffalo fish—"

"Shet up!" Paw said. "Jud Mackey he'd been arter thet King Buffalo fer a matter of seventeen year. They'd had it out, time an' agin, f'm Simpson Slough to Widders' Island—but each time thet King Buffalo th'owed the hook er bruk loose. So finally Jud he got hisself a shark-size hook an' a piano-wire leader, an' he laid fer thet King Buffalo night an' day fer thutteen days."

"Did he go home once?" I said.

"HE WAS a fisherman, dang ye," Paw said. "On the thutteenth day the King Buffalo hit Jud's bait like a goldanged steer. Jud he braced hisself betwixt two black oak stumps an' turned thet fish agin the current. Then, dang him, thet fish ducked to the bottom an' pulled Jud's line under a sunken log—"

"Gee heck, did he have to cut him loose?" I said, getting excited.

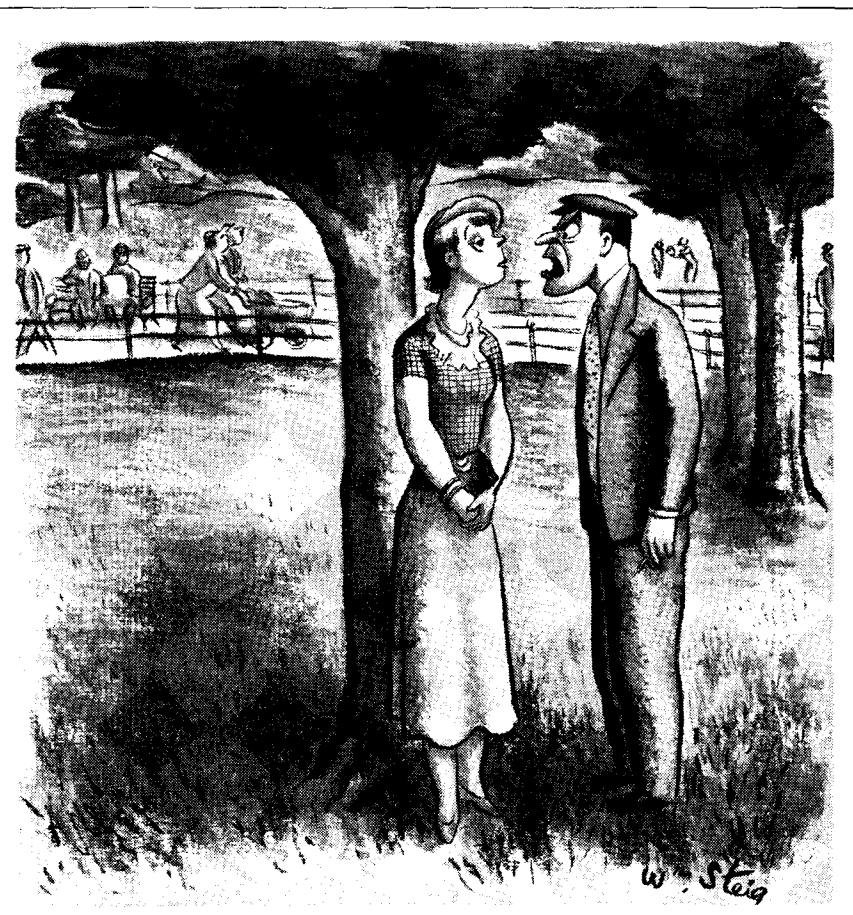
"Not Jud," Paw said, "he was a fisherman. He set hisself down an' pulled on one side of thet sunken log an' the fish he pulled on tother. 'Twas a regular danged seesaw. Jud he couldn't land thet buffalo so long as his line was hung up on the log and the buffalo he couldn't break loose f'm thet piano-wire leader—"

"Kafooey, why didn't he dive down and free the line, Paw?" I said.

"Jud was a fisherman, thet's why," Paw yelled. "Along about the third day, one of his friends did mention the idee to Jud, but Jud said: 'This danged fish is jest actin' stubborn. He could free thet line hisself an' come up an' be landed, if'n he'd give in. I'm a-going to break his stubborn spirit if I set here all summer!'"

"Gee heck, did Jud have any family?" I said.

"Yep, he did," Paw said, "but Jud was a fisherman. Arter Jud had been fighting thet King Buffalo fer five days, one of the boys mentioned to Missus Jud Mackey thet her husband had been located. But, dang her, instead of rushin'



"Whaddya mean, you don't love me?" WILLIAM STEIG

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to the scene with vittles an' home comforts fer Jud, thet 'ooman jest packed up an' went home to her maw. Jud had to be fed an' nursed like a baby on thet riverbank—wouldn't let no one spell him holting thet line—allowed he was a-goin' to cure thet King Buffalo fish of stubbornness all by hisself."

"The King Buffalo wouldn't give in, Paw?" I said, getting more excited.

"Not him," Paw said, "he was a fish."

"And Jud just kept *sitting* there?" I said.

"'Course he did," Paw said, "he was a fisherman, dang ye."

"But, Paw, how did it end? I bet you've forgotten, gee heck, kafooey on the luck," I said.

"Shet up," Paw said. "On the eighth day 'long about sundown there come a big commotion in the water an' a whopping female buffalo fish bruk the surface. She grabbed thet line in her mouth above thet piano-wire leader an' bit it clean in two! Y'see, Bobby, thet fish was the King Buffalo's wife an' *she* loved her husband an' wanted him home!"

I said: "Oh, kafooey on the kafooey goldang luck, Paw. I bet Jud sure felt terrible."

Paw nodded his head, sad.

"Yep, son," he said, "Jud took it hard. Fer the fust time he recollected thet Missus Jud Mackey hadn't been around. An' here's the main p'int of the story, son. With his heart brukken, Jud made a fatal error. He quit fishin' an' took to drink an' wound up in Congress!"

It sure was a peachy swell neat story, but Paw had overlooked a vital detail in it.

"How much did the King Buffalo weigh, Paw?" I said.

Paw just looked at me almost sort of like my mother had done and got up from the stump.

"Dang ye, Bobby," Paw said, "ye've clean missed the p'int."

But Paw did not get sarcastic nor make fun of me nor leave me flat. He carefully explained that the point of this story was not how much the King Buffalo weighed but how much fonder female buffalo fish are of their husbands than women are of their husbands, and instead of getting brokenhearted about it and taking to drink a man should stick to his fishing. Paw said I also should learn to appreciate the awful fact of what it meant to have to go to Congress. He said it used to be one of his nightmares that instead of being a free man on that Mississippi River he was in Congress with a big sign hung to his neck saying: "Owned by the Steel Trust."

I PROMISED Paw I would try to remember all the important points of the story and meditate on them in the still watches of the night, but I wished I had found out how big that King Buffalo really was.

Paw said: "So long, Bobby. I must push along to fill them bellies." Meaning his fish business.

"I'll walk back with you to the boat," I said. "I'm not in any hurry and it will digest my breakfast."

"Suit yerself," Paw said.

We had walked almost all the way back to the skiff when I stopped.

Two boats were coming fast upstream and making straight for Crawdad Island.

Then I saw my father in the first boat and I was a-scared, thinking oh, Jerusalem, dang it, I am in for it now. I thought I had better get ready to bawl a little to show my true repentance and was just getting ready to do it when the motorboat in front landed and my father jumped out with Mr. Greavis, the Pike County Landing night watch, and another man.

"Bobby!" my father said. "Are you all right? Did he hurt you?"

My father grabbed me and hugged me and I was so surprised I forgot about doing a little bawling.

"Sure, I'm okay," I said.

Robert Emmet Lacey, Sr., looked at Paw.

"I want that man arrested for murder and abduction, Sheriff," he said, mad.

Paw spit on the ground and said "Howdy," to Mr. Greavis and the man that was the sheriff. Then he looked at my father and said: "I've had some queer interductions in my time, Mr. Lacey, but this is the very fust time two crimes was mentioned all at once. You sure of yer facts?"

"Pretty sure, Grandpa," my father said. "In fact, I think we were just in time or you'd have done away with Bobby too."

The other boat came up and it was loaded with men and they had shotguns. But this boat did not land.

Mr. Greavis said: "You seen anything of a man named Callahan, Paw?"

The sheriff said: "He's missing and his gun was found in your houseboat, Mr. Merrihew."

"Oh, thet feller," Paw said. "Well, now, thet's quite a story."

"You're not required to tell us anything, Mr. Merrihew," the sheriff said. "You'd better wait until you've talked to a lawyer."

PAW walked over to the motorboat and looked at my father, sort of sad.

"Surely you ain't idjit enough to think I'd harm Bobby, are ye?" he said.

"The evidence is pretty clear," my father said, so mad he bit his cigar clean in two and threw it away. "You enticed him from his home and brought him to this lonely island."

"No, he didn't, sir," I said. "I left home on my own account and asked Paw to let me stay in his shack. Paw and I are buddies, because Paw is not a tyrant that won't let me go near the Dixie Belle and besides—"

"That will do, Bobby," my father said. "I see you've been well coached."

Then, Paw got good and mad at my father.

"Ye're a dirty black Irishman, Mr. Lacey," said Paw, "and I ain't never had no use fer the Irish red or black. If'n I was seventy-two and in my prime I'd ask ye to step outer thet boat an' put up yer fists. No, goldang it, I'll ask ye to do thet right now, ye dirty sneakin' tyrunt!"

My father just grunted.

"I'm saving you for the gallows, Grandpa," he said.

Mr. Greavis and the sheriff told Paw to get into the motorboat. But Paw said what about his skiff. It was a borrowed skiff and he had to return it in good order. The sheriff said they would tie it on behind the motorboat, but Paw said he'd be goldanged if he would stand for that. He did not want any paint knocked off that skiff over an idjity black Irishman's foolishness.

"Go 'long, Sheriff," Paw said, "I'll foller ye in the skifft."

My father said that Paw was under arrest and was not supposed to dictate how he would go to jail.

"Keep your shirt on, Mr. Lacey," the sheriff said. "You ain't got much of a case against Mr. Merrihew and if you want my personal opinion I don't think he killed Mr. Callahan."

"I reckon thet goes for me, too," said Mr. Greavis, looking disgusted at my father. "If you want *my* personal opinion, I think that you've went off half-cocked."

"Hell's bells and Sister Sally," my father said. "I don't ask for any personal opinions."

"Well, you got 'em," Mr. Greavis said.

We started, and Paw got his skiff started and came right on down the river after us.

(To be concluded next week)

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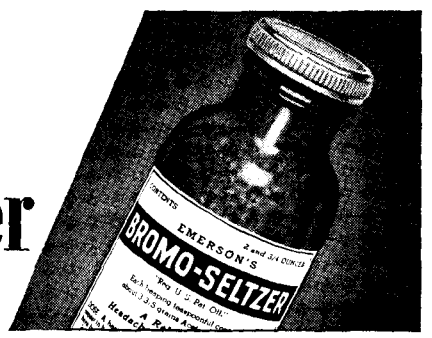

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Robin Hood's Double

Continued from page 17

So, a few days later, special trains dropped hundreds of actors at the town of Chico, 550 miles north of Hollywood, in the Sacramento Valley. Because of its famous Royal Oaks, all the Sherwood Forest stuff was shot in Bidwell Park, on the outskirts of this small village.

In the archery tournament scene Hill did his first trick shooting, beating himself, as captain of the archers. An arrow travels too fast to show its entire flight in any one shot, so Errol Flynn did the long shots and Hill, moving in for a close-up, shot both the absolute center and dead heat with sharp arrows . . . the screen showing only the target. But before the sun went down, Hill had to shoot a deer for Herbert Mundin. Long shot of Mundin up in a tree—deer comes into the open. Close-up of Mundin in tree. Cut to medium shot, which was Hill, with the camera shooting *over his shoulder*, so his face did not show. Elementary.

Then came a risky one—shooting a steel mace from the hand of Basil Rathbone. Flynn did a close-up; then Hill shot the actual arrow, from off-scene, showing only the arrow hitting its mark. But the high spot of the day was that, by now, Rathbone had acquired so much confidence in Hill's ability that he refused a double. Let's credit him with a steady hand and the nerve to risk losing it . . . especially since a sharp arrow was used in this sequence.

Those eight weeks on location passed all too soon. Now Director William Curtis had taken over the production and they were back in the studio, with serious business ahead. According to Hill's own version, he "killed" eleven individuals during the making of Robin Hood. Of the eleven, there were only two scenes where they got a perfect "take" with the first arrow. The other nine had to be shot over and over again. So, using an average of five arrows in each of nine scenes makes forty-five arrows in all that he actually shot into stunt men—oh, yes, they were all stunt men—nobody else would risk it. Hill says, "Had any one of those forty-five arrows missed its mark, it would have been too bad.

His Toughest Shot

"But every stunt man wore, under his armor, a steel plate a sixteenth of an inch thick. Behind that plate was felt padding to take up the shock and, on the outside, three inches of balsa wood to hold the arrow. These plates were fourteen inches high and eleven or twelve inches wide. As long as my blunt arrows played on that space, the stunt men were safe. The most difficult shot in the entire picture was shooting a man off a running horse. The target I had to hit was moving up and down and coming forward at a terrific speed—all at the same time! I had to shoot two men this way and one required six arrows and the other seven—though on the screen you see only one shot for each man. Sometimes the stunt man would keep on riding, instead of falling off his horse as a dead man should do. Sometimes the arrow would stick in the balsa wood and, as the horse's hoofs hit the ground, the jar would snap the arrow shaft off, leaving the end sticking out. That, of course, meant a retake. Or the arrow would hit a previous arrow hole and bounce out—and, as Robin Hood was not a comedy, we had to shoot the scene over."

Even though Hill claims the rider on horseback was his toughest shot, there may be a difference of opinion between him and the director. The first shot Mr. Curtis took in the studio was the long shot outside the palace doors. He probably figured that, the sooner he finished the scene where sharp arrows flew toward a mob of people, the sooner those extras would decide they were going to live—and the strain would be lessened for the remainder of the production. In any event, when he "wrapped it up," he had a scene that leaves audiences gasping.

Describing this sequence, Hill admits: "It was my second hardest shot because I had to shoot seven arrows in rapid succession—and the third arrow of the series had to 'kill' a man as he ran through the door. After that shot was made, the stunt man, now 'dead,' had to fall outside the door . . . and I kept on shooting around him. The door was constantly opening and closing all through the 'take'—and there were six hundred people behind it every time it opened. Well, you catch on—those arrows had to go into the two-inch boards nailed on either side of the door—or else. During that rapid-fire scene, I had to be sure to change arrows so that when I really hit the stunt man it was with a blunt-pointed arrow. Otherwise, he might have awakened in heaven. We had to take it over four times—the smoke from the lamp pots in the banquet hall and all those people moving in the background ruined our first three takes.

"When I had to 'kill' two soldiers running at full speed, it didn't worry me," he went on, "but it was an abnormal shot. The script called for me to shoot while these soldiers were in the act of throwing their spears. Now, when a man throws a spear while running it is necessary for him to turn his body, facing the object he is trying to hit. So it was up to me to watch the stunt man and, the instant his body turned sufficiently for me to see his chest, I had to shoot. Remember, the only place he was protected by a steel covering was over his chest. Of course, I knew what I was going to do, but I hoped to high heaven that he wouldn't start to turn and then change his mind."

The funniest scene (if one can call such shenanigans fun) was where Hill had to kill himself in the duel. "Flynn was supposed to send me into the next world," Hill explains. "But, as I was the only one allowed to shoot where a man's life was at stake, we did it this way: Flynn shot the arrow that was supposed to 'kill' me (a close-up). Then I took Flynn's place on the stairs and a stunt man took mine, receiving the fatal arrow from my bow. It was a long shot but the figures were small, and, as the entire scene was just a flash, the audience didn't have time to see who really shot the blunt arrow.

Errol Bagged a Bobcat

"The two men I 'killed' with blunt arrows at the whipping post and the three I 'dispatched' when they started to hang Robin Hood were just child's play. By that time we didn't consider it a day unless we had 'killed off' at least a dozen before breakfast. Sure, I'd do it again—why not? There was no real danger as long as everybody tended to his knitting. The money? Not so much. I worked twenty-one weeks, got a hundred and fifty a week and a hundred dollars for every trick shot I made—whether it took me one hour, or ten. But I had those weeks at Chico where we went hunting and I killed a wild boar for the boys. And that Errol Flynn learned archery so fast that he even went out and bagged a bobcat. All I regret is that, just as I'd gained the confidence of the company and the extras, I had to leave them."

"Watch this inning carefully. There's more going on than meets the eye!" JOE EASLEY

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Come Ahead, Adolf!

Continued from page 13

forts—you have seen more than fifty of them in half an hour's slow ride. If war ever starts, this green and gentle plain will be Flanders. You pass women washing clothes in a soapy canal that borders a village, and there is the frontier again at Wavrovitz. Farm wagons and hayracks, weighted with cement, barricade the frontier road, and you get the authentic, desperate, makeshift feeling of war. . . .

From the Silesian frontier straight across Czechoslovakia to the once Austrian, now German, frontier is about two hours' driving. The peasants are in the fields, and the villages are empty in the sun. Then you come to Breclav, and a man of sixty with a blue armband stops the car. There is no one else about. He says you must put the car in the shade, by the houses, and wait. Why? We are having air-raid practice, he says. It appears that he is one of that great civilian corps, the C.P.O., already organized to take charge of every town and village in the country, in case of attack by air. Presently a boy comes by on a bicycle,

"Huh! Beginner's luck!"

JAY IRVING

blowing a horn. He rides very fast down the main street and the horn makes a pleasant cool sound. That, the farmer with the armband explains, is the warning. There is not a cat in the street. Ten minutes later the boy comes back, also riding fast, also blowing the horn. That is the all-clear, the man says. It makes me nervous because I remember that it took 95 seconds in Barcelona to wipe out a central chunk of the city and to bury alive several hundred people. Ninety-five seconds is less time than it takes the boy to pedal up the village street. How about bomb cellars, I say; have you any bomb cellars? The old man looks at me—it is a good brown and lined face—and suddenly he says angrily: "No. No. We have no bomb cellars. We do not want bomb cellars. We want quiet and peace."

And the last village before the Austrian-German frontier is Mikulov. A peasant girl is riding her bicycle to town. She has a short, full skirt of pink flowered material, and a yellow handkerchief on her head; her legs are strong and sunburned and she has a wide red mouth. She looks very pretty against the green fields, with the wind blowing out her skirt. And slung over her shoulder she has a gray cylindrical gas mask.

You have seen the German-Czech frontier to the east and west, and now you are going north. Czechoslovakia is shaped like a badly made kite, and its head rests in Germany. Since Austria was absorbed into Germany, Czechoslovakia is surrounded on three sides by the Reich. When the Allies tried to give back the ancient kingdom of Bohemia to its former inhabitants, after the war, three and a half million Germans who had been Austrian citizens suddenly found themselves Czech citizens. These Germans live mostly in a band of territory along the German-Czech frontier, and here the German Social Democrats and the Henlein Nazis (all Czech citizens by law) wage a constant and bitter political battle, while the Czechoslovak government—like good democrats—allows each and every party to have its say. Since the Anschluss, everyone means business; and any political meeting has a fine chance of ending in a riot, and who knows what a riot may end in?

The German Social Democrats had planned a big meeting in a Henlein Nazi stronghold, Teplitz, near the northern frontier, and one of the speakers asked me to go along. We drove through Terezin, a handsome gray-stone town where the young people were swimming in the moat. There were gypsy wagons of carved wood on the road, and the land is green and rolling and rich with grain.

So the Trouble Was Started

At Teplitz, normally, on a summer's night, the whole population would be sitting in outdoor cafés under the moon, enjoying themselves. But now 3,000 German Social Democrats have crowded into a smoky hall, to roar approval of their speakers. When the orator tells them: "They have not made Nazi badges large enough so that you can see them from the air," the crowd thunders its applause; it is a grim satisfaction to think that the same bombs will kill your neighbors, also Germans, also Czech citizens, but Nazis. They all know that the roads running parallel to that frontier, and leading into Germany, are barricaded with felled trees and barbed wire and cement, and guarded night and day, that soldiers stand in khaki silence under every railroad bridge and that all these bridges are mined. . . . And that no one may go up into the mountains.

The excuse for all this tension is the German minority. Of the three and a half million Germans in Czechoslovakia, about two million are Henlein Nazis. Up until 1935, eighty per cent of the Germans were Social Democrats who believed in democracy and got on all right in Czechoslovakia. Then 500 factories failed, the glass factories and the bead and porcelain and jute and sugar and textile factories, which employed these people and exported their wares all over the world. The Henleinists blamed the Czechs for the world depression, and felt they were being willfully starved. A radio campaign started, and the German Nazi press took it up, and the towns and villages buzzed with talk: In Germany men eat and work and are happy . . . in Germany there are no Czechs to take jobs and humiliate us . . . Germany is a great nation and the Germans are a great race; Czechoslovakia is a little country and the Czechs are a small Slavic race. Why should we be ruled by Czechs? . . . So the trouble was started. After Austria became Germany it flared up, and now everyone can see it.

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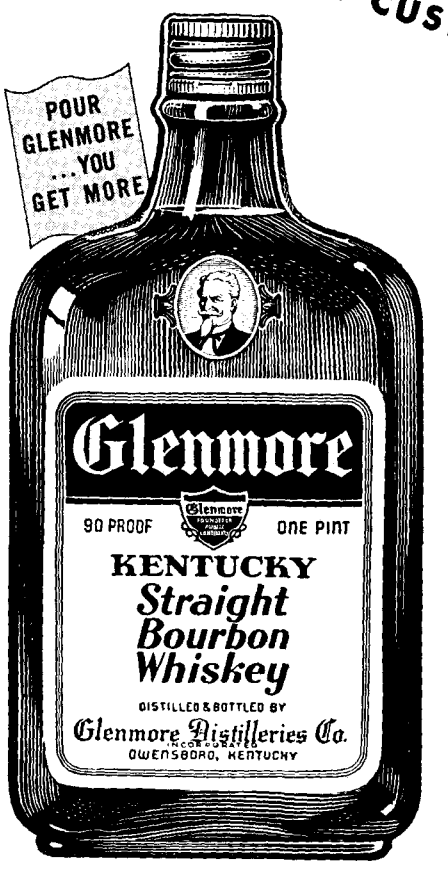

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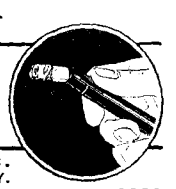

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ing town and a church with a tower like a red beet dominates it. Two thirds of the population is German. There used to be 450 soldiers in the town, and now there are 4,000, and the fields sprout pillboxes, and the trees that fringe the railroad track along the frontier hide machine-gun nests. In a café on a side street a German Social Democrat journalist, a Jewish lawyer and a Jewish merchant's wife are having afternoon coffee. The lady's family has lived in Mikulov for three generations and run a wine shop. They are selling the wine shop for nothing and moving inland to Brünn. Since the first of May, she says, no one buys from them and no one speaks to them on the street. They seem to have lost their friends, but they were always happy here before. "We are not afraid of war," she says. "We are afraid of the mob."

One Hundred Per Cent Unemployed

The Jewish lawyer is a captain in the reserve of the Czech army; he has no more clients. But he is staying on, to see what happens. If war comes, he joins the army at once. He says he has seen a great many things he doesn't like and he wouldn't mind fighting. The journalist tells of a friend of his, Johann Schneider, an old man, a Social Democrat for twenty years. Johann was too old to work in the fields, so the journalist got him a job as orderly in the Mikulov hospital. Johann needed the work badly. The head doctor at the hospital is a Henlein Nazi and he gave Johann the choice of joining the Henleinists or being fired, and Johann joined the Henleinists, having first miserably explained it all to the journalist.

Gottesgab sits on the top of the Giant Mountains, two kilometers from Germany, and is cold even in summer, and in winter the snow comes up to the little windows on the second floor of the houses. It is a ski place, and used to live on the tourist trade, but now there is no tourist trade, and Gottesgab is one hundred per cent Henlein Nazi and one hundred per cent unemployed. The big man in a green tweed suit with a little green-feathered hat once taught people how to ski, and now he runs the local Henlein party. He is a nice man, and gets his politics out of the newspapers. He says that they do not want war, they want work. It is the fault of the Czechs, who maintain such bad relations with Germany, that no tourists want to come to Gottesgab any more.

He leads me about the village from miserable hut to miserable hut, where children are eating bread in hot water for lunch, and ten people sleep in one room, and the poorhouse for the old people is a building out of a bad dream. He shows off the misery of this place, a real and tragic misery, and says, with simple, impractical conviction: "If we had autonomy it wouldn't be like this." I said: "Do the people here care about politics?" and he laughed. "If we had work and food and clothes, do you think we would be wasting our time going to meetings?"

So they all came out to show me the road to take to the next village, and saluted with the Hitler salute and said: "But things will be better soon, you wait and see. . . ." And I thought, in case of war, this would be a starving no-man's land, lost in the low wet clouds.

The frontier is a tiny stream that you could jump across, and just over there in Germany, on a housetop, is a giant swastika, made of red electric lights, and it shines into Czechoslovakia.

"The whole country will be a battlefield," the colonel said. "There will be no rear guard."

We were sitting in his office; there were a polished wooden desk, two chairs, an iron camp bed, maps, and photographs of famous generals in modest frames. He was a blond and rosy man, with a mind that ranged carefully over all the problems of peace and war—a very civilized man indeed.

Any country, for that matter, can be a battlefield now, with the air loud with the noise of planes—the black planes like wasps, and the silver planes like dragonflies—and bombs as heavy as 2,000 pounds dropping like meteors on a helpless city. We had the maps out; from Dresden to Prague, a half-hour flight for a bomber. . . . In the last war, it averaged 12,000 shells from antiaircraft guns to bring down one plane. Now it requires a few dozen shells, so the colonel says. The Czechs have great confidence in their antiaircraft guns and listening apparatus, and the human organization to warn of raids.

It is believed by German military authorities that the air force of Czechoslovakia is roughly 1,500 planes, a huge number to protect a country that size, but even so . . . "We are building camps now for children in the center of the country, where we hope they will be fairly safe from bombing," the colonel said. "The C.P.O. is the civil organization against air attack; they are trained to give the alarm before raids, to manage refugees and evacuation work, to undertake fire prevention, and dig out bodies. There is also a civil unit trained to do quick construction work to block a rapid advance by a motorized army." (I thought of the hayracks loaded with cement, and yesterday loaded with grain, and how they would block a road, holding up the motorcycle machine-gun units, the small tanks, the armored cars, while the defending army caught them in cross fire from the black forts. . . . Nice picture, I thought.) "We have organized food conservation, and laid in huge stocks; this would also be essential if the enemy uses gas on the fields. The civil transport system is planned, the replacement of men by women, in factories—there is a mobilization plan for the entire country. In time of war, the whole civil population must work; it is the best way to avoid panic, and it is necessary."

He said: "The Germans are good soldiers, good organizers, good thinkers, but they always underestimate their adversary." He did not say it braggingly. He went on, with his finger on the map, tracing the frontiers, to show Czechoslovakia's allies. The finger stopped at Poland: "Three fourths of the Poles disapprove Beck's policy; we think Poland will remain neutral." His hand moved to Rumania: "Our ally." East of Rumania, on the map, the vast pink-colored sweep of Russia: "Russia is a great Slavic nation and perhaps the strongest military force in the world; she will help us. We are not afraid of Communism, because we are a good democracy, and social reforms come here without any need of revolution." The finger moved back and hesitated over Hungary and he said nothing. He traced the long length of Italy and said, "Neutral . . ."

Gas Masks at the Movies

Bernmann is a curious character. He is so rich that he can live even in Germany, though he is a Jew. He speaks many languages well, and all of them with an accent. He is a learned and charming man, who would rather talk about books and writers than anything else; and suddenly here he was in Prague (at this season he is usually in London, and later on in his home in Capri). He said he had come back, when the trouble started, just before the mobilization. He intended to go into the army. He was an officer of the reserve and a Czech citizen, he said. He had sent his family to the country in England, and he was staying here to watch developments. He was very optimistic. Though Czechoslovakia needs zinc, copper, pig iron and nickel, she has been importing these for two years from England, and now has a supply adequate for six months' manufacturing. The munitions factories were being moved south into Slovakia—there were eight great hidden factories there, out of danger.

The license for the Bofors antiaircraft gun, a gun with photographic lenses, sound detectors and automatic range correctors, had just been bought from Sweden. The Avia bombing plane is faster than the Junkers. Letov, Aero and Mraz are also putting out fast, fine planes and plenty of them. Moreover, he went on, though the army now is only 180,000, this country is capable of putting two and a half million men in the field rapidly. (The active army and trained reserve of the United States is 474,378, and Czechoslovakia is about as big as Illinois.) "If you stay awhile," he said, "I'll take you to the movies. You'll see something interesting. In two weeks, all cinemas are required to have as many gas masks as seats. . . ."

Greatest Armament Works in Europe

From the road you can see the chimneys of Pilsen pointing up above the plain. If you stop the car, down there to the left is the Skoda works, one of the greatest armament producers in Europe. The factories cover 400 acres of land and 30,000 people work in them. It is not a place you can loaf about, staring. One of the directors gave us lunch in the Skoda hotel. The dining room was shadowy, because all windows are covered with black paper against air raids. There has been constant practice—the siren warning, the lights out, the empty streets and crowded refuges, then the all-clear and the city normal again—for two years. The director was optimistic too: he spoke of the quality of the Czech army with a patriot's pride and of its equipment, with professional delight.

The Sokol has its headquarters in a pale yellow building, surrounded by tennis courts and playing fields, in the old part of Prague. Sokol is a sports organization, one of the oldest in Europe, and 786,000 people of all classes and professions belong to it, and, weekly, practice in unison, throughout the country, the gymnastic exercises that are the basis of their training. They believe in the old saying, "A sound mind in a sound body," and they do not like politics. They will not admit either Fascists or Communists to their organization. But whether they like politics or not they are—like all Czechoslovaks—ardent patriots.

Thomas Bata was a cobbler. Now the Bata family runs Zlin, the most modern manufacturing city in the world, and it is their kingdom. You can like it or not, but it is very impressive. It stretches up and down gentle hills, in the center of the country, a square steel-concrete-and-glass city, in which Bata provides homes, swimming pools, tennis courts, schools, museums, libraries, movies, stores, restaurants and work for 32,000 people.

Bata makes shoes on the grand scale, and tires and stockings and various kinds of leather goods. Some years ago he started making sport planes—the Zlin 21, for the use of his salesmen in Africa, India and on the continent. It is said everywhere that this sport plane has been perfected into a fast pursuit plane and that the Zlin factories can turn them out in quantity, when necessary. Meanwhile 6,000 people in Zlin are trained in anti-air-raid service; women are trained to care for wounded; men are taught fire control and mass evacuation of the city; children are instructed to live in

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camps in the hills around Zlin if it becomes necessary to empty the city.

Bata publishes ten newspapers; the director of this amazing literary machine had explained the working of the factories to me and now he explained himself. I had asked him his politics. "I am a Democrat," he said. "I hate nobody and nothing. To hate anyone is nonsense. I am a Democrat and I will always live independently. How others organize is their own business. But I will not accept any system that makes me a slave. So I will work for my state." It developed that he knew the writings of Goethe by heart and had a German tutor for his children; that he thought the world was ruining itself because people spend their time in political argument when they should be working.

Bullying Will Not Work

"You can trace the growth of Henlein in this country by looking at the fall in export figures," he said. "It is as easy as that." I asked him what he planned to do in time of war and he said, "Everything here is planned for, the work for

"Wake up, boys—the decorators are here!"

JEFF KEATE

the whole city and for each one of us. I cannot talk to you about it, but I know. And I can tell you this: We do not want to fight anyone. We are busy and we could be a prosperous nation if we were let alone. But we were oppressed for three hundred years, and if anyone tries to take our republic away from us now, we will fight until there is not one of us left."

At the foot of Castle Hill is the charming baroque palace of the Prime Minister. Dr. Milan Hodza is a man who holds himself very straight, speaks slowly and carefully, and does not need to waste time impressing his visitors. He has close-cut dark hair and mustache, steel-rimmed glasses, a narrow mouth and a wide, obstinate nose. He talks much more definitely than most statesmen do.

We sat at the table where the cabinet sits, under the picture of Masaryk. "For the moment," Hodza said, in his neat English, "the collaboration of the three democracies has prevented war. But we must face Europe as it is. I do not believe that Germany is a country where hunger or economic inadequacies will produce revolution. They have the strongest discipline in the world, and the mystic faith—the religion—of Nazism. I believe therefore that for peace, it is now necessary to have equilibrium between the powers" (by which he meant the balance of power) "and tolerance. This is the only way we can work out a reasonable solution.

"Bullying will not work on us; we have proved that. We will grant certain reasonable and just demands of the Henleinists, but we will go no farther than the integrity of the state allows.

"The people of this country are ready in every branch to defend themselves. But I do not believe war will come. The immediate issue is whether the reasonable elements in Germany will be able to control the extremists, by making them realize that a war against the three democracies is impossible."

As I was leaving, he said: "The crisis is not over. By that I mean that none of us can take a vacation: we must stay and watch."

But one wondered how long any armed peace can last, and just how long the people in a country can bear the strain of waiting and watching, and how long Europe can impoverish itself for guns. . . .

Czechoslovakia is a country where the land is divided up into narrow strips of varying green and the newly-tilled soil lies in mauve bands beside the green. The peasants work for themselves, and the little bourgeois with his shop or factory or office, and the civil servant, and the professional man, are all equally rich or equally poor, depending on your standards. You can count the people with five million dollars on your hands: there are the Bata family, with shoes; the Waldes, who make buttons; two members of the Petscek family, who have coal mines; Weinmann, who owns coal; Elbogen, with sugar refineries; Kubinsky, with textiles; and the Ringhoffer family, who manufacture airplane engines and the Tatra cars.

They are mostly self-made men and they are not much talked of. But their sentiments probably resemble those of any man in the street: they do not export their capital and they live at home; their fortunes and their lives are bound up with the future of Czechoslovakia. And their patriotism is locally judged by the large amounts they subscribe to the National Defense Fund. After the millionaires, incomes drop to half a million, and then to twenty-five thousand, which is a tidy fortune in this country. As there is little external show of wealth, so there is little external evidence of class difference. The son of former President Masaryk dines on Sunday at the great outdoor restaurant at Barrandov, and knows the cigarette waiter well, as they went to school together; the stenographers and clerks from Prague also dine there. The heir to the Waldes millions goes to a public commercial high school.

A Somber Procession

All these people are united in their will to go on as they are. They want to work and make their country bloom: they want to be quiet. But Czechoslovakia slants across central Europe, and beyond lie the oil fields of Rumania, the wheat of the Ukraine, and the Black Sea. If a great power controlled Czechoslovakia, it would have a strong strategical position for striking westward into Europe, toward the Mediterranean. Czechoslovakia's tragedy is that it is in the way.

If the somber procession is to continue —China, Ethiopia, Spain—then Czechoslovakia is next. And she is ready, and waiting, not afraid, but surely not glad. No man likes to live with doom hanging over tomorrow. It is horrifying for an intelligent people to realize that twenty years of constant and constructive effort to build a country can be wiped out in a month. They wait; there is nothing else for them to do. And hope. And watch the former house painter who now holds the lightning in his hand.

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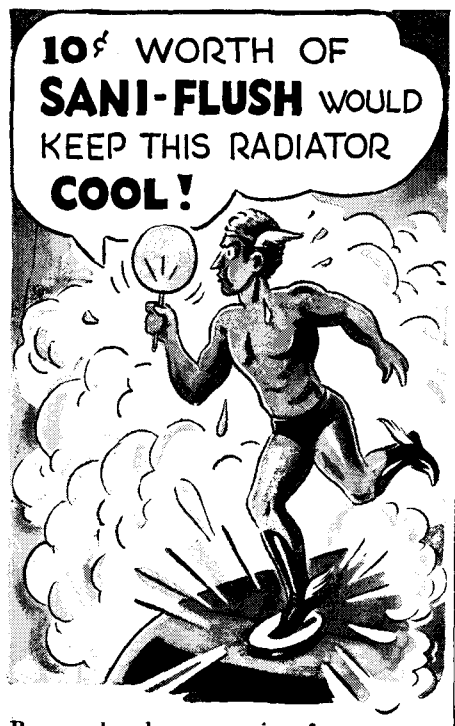

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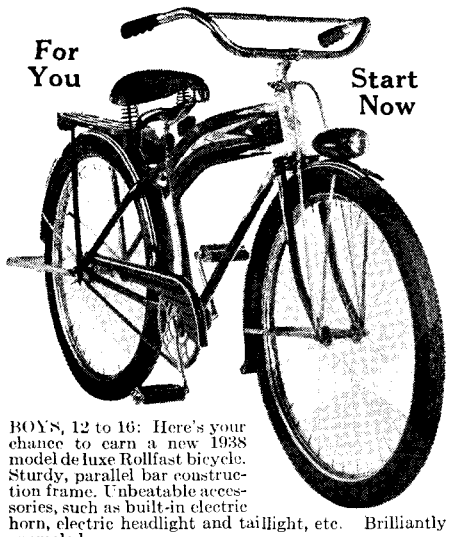

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The Merry Meatball

Continued from page 21

for my Michael, boys, an' don' stand there laughin'!"

But the sports writers were laughing unanimously. They always laughed when you talked of Mike Padoni. Mike with his crazy laughter and his wild but destructive fists. Mike fight the champion, Henry Watts? Their derision grew, then faded fast. Why not? they wondered then. This Mike was very tough.

"A punch in the puss is a punch in the puss," said Patsy with penetrating logic. "Nobody dumps Armedo till tonight. Not till my Mike knocks 'im upside down."

THE motor caravan raced over the fifty miles to Bridgeport, with the band blaring forth from the chartered bus. Rose's fears faded with the mad excitement, and Mike, beside her, was certain in his strength.

Mike talked on of his dream and the championship, and Rose was nearly sold. Champions don't fight very often; they don't take too many punches. Lights blinking in the long procession, and the thrill of surging motion; the realization that it was all for Mike, and his confident strength beside her. It had the persuasion of war drums and bugles, the holy touch of a loyal crusade. She forgot the smell of sweat and liniment.

She plucked at his sleeve and Mike turned to her. His laughter subsided and he kissed her with gentle regard. Mike was always tender, Rose knew. It was strange that he should be a pug.

The cars halted before Mike's Bowling Alley and Taproom, where all the lights were lit. Mike's victories meant free beer, and free beer meant half the town would crowd within the bulging doors of the Padonis' prosperous joint. Mike led the parade and gave Rose an apron. She helped him and the bartenders in shoving the beer along the bar. Sandwiches were piled along the mahogany.

Mike got very drunk.

Quietly Rose observed Patsy Fine at the phone. Patsy had a popeyed and open-mouthed circle about him, and Patsy could hold a crowd. The atmosphere was suddenly tense, for it was the Garden matchmaker on long distance. It didn't matter that it was three o'clock in the morning. Patsy even took the cigar out of his mouth to make the announcement:

"Henry Watts will fight my Michael on the twenny-third next month for the title."

Patsy inhaled deeply and observed the effects of his little speech. It was lost on Mike, who slept peacefully at a beer-splashed table, one gnarled hand hanging limp and swinging, while his great chest rose and deflated with his breathing. Beer glasses were held poised and motionless; someone wailed drunkenly, and Rose was scared.

This had not been expected. Mike was not in the champion's class. Mike was just a tough guy with a dozen swift knockouts to his credit, a former Golden Gloves champion with a world of heart and muscle. A year or two would be time enough to worry about the champion. That's what the newspapers had said and why should Patsy think differently?

But plenty of beer and local pride did much to repair the crowd's misgivings. The might of Henry Watts grew less, and the fighting powers of Mike Padoni grew vastly upon his pals. Somebody shoved Mike violently, and caused his swollen eyes to open.

Patsy Fine said, "He's a screwball, but he's our own. Lookit him. He don't care he's fightin' the champ or the cops. Hey, Mike!"

Rose grasped Patsy's arm and said, "I don't want Mike hurt, Patsy. I couldn't stand it, and maybe he's not ready for this fight. It don't have to happen so soon, does it?"

Patsy had no time. Patsy said, "He's a fighter, ain't he? You seen him tonight, didn't ya? Ya seen him knockout Manuel? Well, they all go the same way."

"Yes, and Mike can go that way, too. He can go to the undertaker's, that's where he can go. We're gettin' along all right now." Rose didn't like Patsy's swift dismissal of her doubts. Patsy was impatient.

"I brung the kid this far, didn't I? I got 'im his first fight, didn't I? He don't get hurt, does he?"

"His face isn't like that from shaving!" Rose protested.

The words ended with Patsy's walking away. Mike was now on his feet, and his beer goblet was high over his head. Rose saw a clammy blonde hanging to his arm and was almost glad that Mike's eyes were filmed and looking nowhere in particular. The blonde wriggled unsuccessfully for attention, while Mike finished his song and joyfully dumped his beer over the head of a pal.

Patsy told a newspaperman, "Mike'll always give ya a laugh. That's Mike for ya every time, a screwball. Well, what the hell do I care? John L. Sullivan was a screwball, too. An' Harry Greb—lookit Harry Greb—"

But the man would not look at Harry Greb. He was looking at Mike, whose swollen face was red with effort. Mike was doing his trick, and slowly a full beer keg was suspended high in the air in testimony to his tremendous strength.

The ballyhoo drums thumped bravely for Mike's fight with Henry Watts at the Garden. The champion, a cold, efficient workman, went quietly about his training.

Mike trained his own way, which was practically not at all.

Mike was a million laughs at the weighing-in ceremony. He asked the sober Henry Watts, "Hey, pally, who died?"

Henry frowned and said, "Nobody. I feel fine."

"We fix that tonight," Mike told him. "'Bout eleven o'clock you won't feel nothin'."

PATSY had to provide the laugh. He shouted gleefully, "Whatta clown! Whatta clown!" Henry Watts did not think it funny; he would speak later in the only way he knew. Meanwhile Mike gave many a hot-foot, recalling that it always got a laugh for Dempsey when Jack was charming the boys.

Rose was swept through it all. Breathless and scared and slightly bewildered, she beheld the transformation of her Mike. She didn't like his forced and crazy laughter. It was false and it kept him apart from her. She didn't like the way Patsy Fine led her husband around, like a big, funny dog with his tongue hanging out.

The cheap seats were sold out at four o'clock; the reserved sections had been gone for weeks. Henry Watts came down the aisle first. He moved like a giant cat and did not disturb the ropes when he went through them.

Mike came moments later, to the mad acclaim of Bridgeport and the amused applause of New York. He waved to the customers as he was expected to, and he listened to the sage advice of Patsy, who told him: "You gotta go out an' bust this guy. If ya don't he'll take ya apart. Ya don't do nothin' but punch, un'erstand? You don't do nothin' but punch."

Mike had a moment of inspiration. He asked, "What the hell else can I do?"

His eyes trailed across the canvas and rested on the champion. Watts was bleak and unfathomable, a fighting man by all the natural laws. Out of the coal country he had come, smiling only a grudging half-smile for the newsreels, giving interviews that were composed of "How do ya do?" and a grunt. He was a tough customer, Henry Watts, who found no humor in life or in Mike Padoni.

He made this apparent in the opening round by stabbing with a sharp unerring skill at Mike's eyes, and jarring the capering clown with short destructive rights to the chin. Mike wound up his right hand and let it go. But Henry was never there. Henry was invariably somewhere else, but with his left hand still in Mike's red face.

When the bell rang and Mike found his corner, Patsy Fine said, "You punch-drunk bum, the idea is to hit that guy! You're stinkin' up the house!"

Mike had been trying to smile his unconcern for the champion's artillery. The grin washed swiftly away and he told Patsy, "Shut up; I got trouble enough. I'm gonna punch this guy fulla holes!" Mike was no stooge; Patsy couldn't talk to him like that!

He went forth rather grimly now, but a left hand lanced and opened his wounds. The red leather found his stomach and buried deep into his beer-inflated middle. He got sick and something crashed off the side of his head. The ring lights danced and Mike didn't know what to do.

Rose took her eyes away, then found them returning to the scene. The heavy

"Then you mean, General, that we can't count on all this peace talk?"

GARDNER REA

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punches, with their soggy contact sounding even above the roar of the mob, would not abate. She could feel them breaking him and breaking her, and she tried to cry out for them to stop it. But she couldn't cry out; she could only bury her head in her hands, and when she looked suddenly and frantically about, she could see nothing anyhow. The crowd was standing up on its feet and its howling continued. She alone remained seated, a tight bundle of fear and emotion.

The bell brought its mercy to Mike and he flopped onto his stool. Patsy lanced the mouse beneath his eye with a razor blade to let the dark, congealed blood run free. Mike simply sat in dull and stupid pain, trying to revive his vanished will to fight.

Patsy shoved him out for the third. He threw a cumbersome punch that went nowhere in particular. A right hand came from somewhere and his ring pants hit the floor. He sat there soggy and bewildered while the count went on. The referee's legs were shadows before him, and he did not get the meaning of the numbers. He went through motions there on the floor; he looked like a man who could have got up. But he couldn't catch the count; he could not fully understand that all this was happening.

He was standing on his feet with his robe about him, staring through one open eye, when he realized what had happened. He heard the sullen murmur of the crowd; he could hear and almost taste the razzberries floating down.

His good eye focused on Patsy and Patsy said, "You quit, you bum! You chicken-hearted phony. Ya took it lyin' down!"

MIKE could not fully understand it then; he could not speak back at Patsy Fine through his swollen, broken face. He moved down the aisle through the mass of people, and the arrows came down from the cheap seats where the wise guys lingered: "You stink, Padoni! Yer a bum!"

The hot steam, then the biting ice of the needle shower brought a certain coherence, and the water touched at his open wounds and gave him the alertness of pain. His head throbbed as he walked out and groped for a towel. He put on his robe and walked into the dressing room.

Patsy was there and a half dozen other guys. In a corner, Rose sat very still, her face white, and her eyes down.

Mike raised his left hand, which was aching. He didn't care whether it was broken or not. He stared at it stupidly and Patsy cracked, "Don't gimme that stuff about a broken hand, you beer barrel. You quit an' that's all there is to it."

Mike walked over and punched Patsy in the head. It was a loose, badly directed punch. A special cop grabbed Mike, and Patsy went out the door yelling murder. The cop kicked everybody out, then he departed, too. The shower dripped steadily, maddeningly. Mike slumped on the rubbing table and cried bitterly. Rose came over and clung to his broad back. She lifted his head and kissed him full on the swollen mouth.

Mike said, "I didn't quit, honey. I got knocked bowlegged. I didn't know where I was."

Rose said, "It don't matter, Mike. I just want to get your head fixed. I don't want you hurt like that. I can't stand seein' you hurt."

The caravan went back to Bridgeport but the band didn't play. And they didn't wait for Mike. The bowling alley was dark when Mike and Rose returned, but Mike wanted a glass of beer. He had several glasses of beer and he wiped the foam off his swollen lips.

He tried to grin and he said, "Honest, kid, I ain't as bad as I looked. I busted up my hand a bit, my left. You know it's my

"I been saving this for the real t'ing"

C. W. ANDERSON

best punch, Rose. An' I wasn't in shape."

Rose knew he was probing for threads of justification. She said, "I know, honey; you always had trouble with your hand."

She wished now that he'd had greater trouble with his hands. His broken left had halted Mike's career in the amateurs where this terrible mess had started. If the hand had only stayed broken, they'd never have come to this. They wouldn't have Mike broken now, with his face like a meatball, with his pride and happiness in little pieces.

Mike said, "I was a dope. A guy can't train on beer. I'll get in shape, and my hands'll be good. And I'll show them, Rose. I'll be up there again."

Rose said, "Maybe later, Mike. Now you got to take it easy." She wanted him to get to bed; her logic would prevail in the morning. Mike was through with the prize ring.

THE crowds grew thin at the bowling alley. And Mike didn't laugh any more.

He said to Rose, "The hell with this joint. Sell it. I don't need them. I'll be up there again; I'll be in the dough."

Rose said, "You can't be sure, Mike. Maybe your hand won't get better. An' this is safer, Mike. We had a good business; we can build it up again. I don't want your face punched in again, Mike. I want you like you are."

"Lemme alone!" Mike shouted. "I ain't a movie actor, I'm a fighter. You want me like I am. Like I am, I stink! Lemme alone, I tell ya. I know what I'm doin'!"

Mike's pride stayed between them, like a high, obstinate wall. He rose early in the mornings and he ran. He ran countless miles along the back roads, forcing his body into shape; he squeezed hard rubber balls endlessly to strengthen his hands. Then he started to box in a local gym.

Gunner Blane didn't knock Mike's brains out; the Gunner made a grave mistake. He poured from his corner while Patsy Fine squatted contentedly back in the shadows, and he threw a right hand that was intended to impress the folks. It came up big and mighty, but was wasted on the air, and Mike drilled an inside hook that knocked the Gunner upside down.

Mike dazedly found a neutral corner and thought he was going to faint. His left hand burned like a flame and numbed his arm. But it was not the pain that made Mike go dizzy. It was the Gunner there on the canvas beneath the lights, eyes open and aware, but with limbs unable to move at his will. And Patsy Fine, with the open mouth of a fish, his cigar mixed with the resin on the apron of the ring. It was the cigar that Mike kept looking at while the crowd was mute with shock, unable to scream out at what it had seen. Later they would scream when Mike returned his left hook and his bloody laughter to Henry Watts. That would be something to scream about, for Mike was no longer fooling.

THE ring lights splashed gold in the black summer night and Mike felt very much alone; he felt scared; he was waiting for Henry Watts. The ball park was huge and the faces stretched far away before they were swallowed in the outer black. Matches struck like fireflies in the darkness, and over the ring, like a lazy ghost, the smoke clouds drifted but little disturbed by the timid breeze.

It was hot, and Mike was hot and heavy with something close to fever, then chilled with apprehension and altogether unhappy, almost afraid.

When Henry Watts came down the aisle with his handlers it was better. Mike could follow them with his eyes and hate them heartily. Thus occupied, he was less alone and less afraid. It was the waiting and the fidgeting, the hoping and despairing, that wore him down. Fighting was easier; you did it one way and then it was over.

He turned to Whitey Shapiro, his handler, who put the bottle to Mike's lips and let the water take the feathers out of his mouth. Whitey was a mild little fellow with skilled hands who could sew up an eye while standing on his head. Whitey whispered gentle nonsense and told him there was nothing to worry about, while Mike rubbed his nose with his left glove and began quietly to swear. This was fine occupation and it helped. He slipped out of his robe and took pleasure in flexing his muscles. There was no little belly of beer to laugh at; there was only hardness and a washboard surface as rigid as his knuckles. Whitey slipped the robe back in cape fashion and Mike shuffled in the resin while the announcer unburdened his chest.

A pal yelled up, "Hey, Mike! Hey, Mike—give 'im this!"

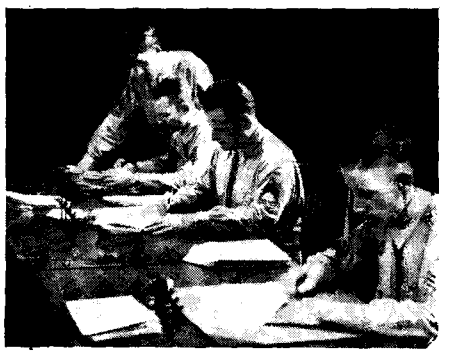
"This" was a mixture of violence and obscenity. The pal shook his hands over his head. Mike grinned and rubbed Whitey's skull. Whitey jested and Mike grinned vastly. The bell clanged incessantly and the announcer screamed Mike's name. The reception was kindly and it warmed Mike within himself.

Men like Dempsey and Canzoneri and Braddock had been in and out of the ring, giving the crowd a few rich seconds in which to behold the greatness that clung to these men still. Then the referee called Mike and Henry Watts together for instructions, and when Mike looked into the bleak face of Henry he thought, "The hell with him."

He turned fast and went back to his corner, his big body vitally alive. Whitey jammed the mouthpiece into his mouth and said, "Go take 'im, pally. If you can hit 'im, you can beat 'im." So Mike went out with the bell and thought he would do just that. He was only a little bit afraid.

Henry Watts had brought all his guns with him. His long left struck like a poison-headed snake, but Mike was able to get his glove in front of it most of the time. Only twice did it splash against his mouth while they fenced. The champion was cautious and expert in maneu-

"Teach it to the Marines!"



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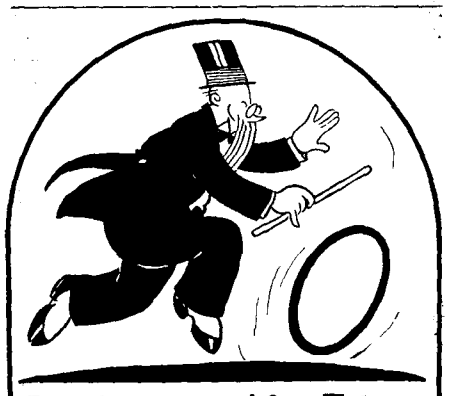
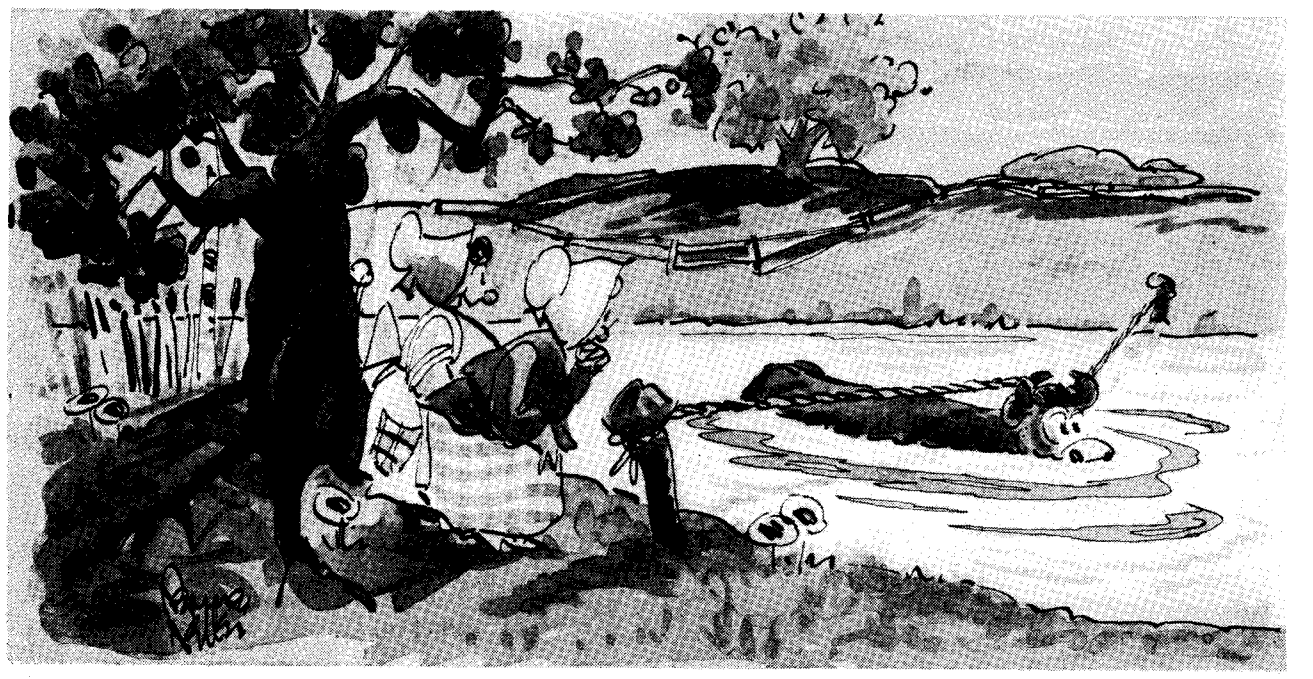


The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills



"That's Kennesaw's idea for keepin' the milk cool" REAMER KELLER

ver. He feinted warily, sought to bluff Mike into a foolish lead. Mike was better tonight; he was smarter. They clinched and Mike let loose his prodigal energy. He shoved the champion against the ropes and put his head on Watts' chest. He drilled a few heavy punches inside and caused Henry Watts to cover. They broke and exchanged left hands and Mike's was the harder. A little blood welled in his mouth and he spat it out. He rather liked the flavor of it. He slipped a lead and belted the champion across the beard. He blew his nose violently across the leather of his gloves. He grinned and moved in; he felt like fighting. He was a tough wop, and suddenly everybody knew that.

In the corner Whitey said, "You're doing beautiful! You don't make no mistake; you got plenty of legs. You make him move, Mike; you make him move and you mess 'im in the clinches. He ain't too smart in clinches."

Mike was no dope, and he did have plenty of legs. They went through the second, the third and the fourth, and they came up for the fifth with plenty of trouble in their gloves.

Mike moved closer now; he had the rhythm of the fight. He was wet and oiled with his sweat, no longer troubled by the noise outside. He was fighting, and fighting with a rather holy purpose that he could never have explained. Henry ripped one into his mouth that hurt, but Mike belted him mightily in the body. They came together and Mike threw punches inside that chased the champion away.

WATTS tugged at his trunks, was reflective. He got on a bicycle that only he knew how to ride and he lanced Mike's eyes with sharp, unerring fists. A right hand cracked down and turned Mike's legs to rubber, and when he lashed back at the champion, careful Henry was no longer there.

Mike shook his head and ran after his man. He lunged in and whipped the left hook to the champion's jaw. Strong arms closed about him and he knew that Watts was hurt. He tore with a great strength to get free and punch, but Watts was now not so stupid in the clinches. He held mightily. Mike caught him once more with the left but the punch was high, and a shock went through his arm as the hand collided with bone. He whipped it again in bludgeoning effort but Henry put his head down. Mike couldn't hold the punch; it crashed on the champion's skull. The hand crumpled inside of his glove and Mike's mouth opened with the pain. It was terrible; it was more than he could take. The champion walked in and punched his body full of holes while Mike grew sick, despairing about the hand. He needed that hand; he was a floundering bum without the old left hook.

Whitey's concern was written on his face and he talked while he sponged the blood from Mike's face. He said, "You do what you can this round, pally. Don't let 'im know about your hand. Throw your right from your heels."

Mike was valiant. He wanted to be. The night and the noise and Rose at home demanded it. But it was sad; it was kind of dirty; he'd needed that lousy hand. He couldn't let them laugh at him again.

He walked out and threw a right hand punch from the top of his socks. It was comical but it was very strenuous. It chased Champion Henry a distance, and the customers had never seen Henry so wary before. But he returned with a champion's skill and he did things to Mike that weren't pleasant to look upon.

The fight grew soggy. It was in the tenth and Henry Watts wasn't missing. He was a great puncher, Henry Watts, but he was punching a stubborn jaw. Mike's legs were the thing that was holding him up; his chin had always been sound. Watts' right broke straight and accurately from his chest; it was his best; it was all he had. Mike took it and wobbled there in the center of the ring, and the shadows came to his eyes but passed away.

His bloody face followed his wet gloves toward the champion and something went out of Henry Watts. His pride was broken and its fragments became visible on his stony face. He threw a left hook very wide and very recklessly and Mike shoved his right arm and his whole weight into the opening. The canvas came up to slap Henry in the tights, and it was electric, unbelievable, like the night Maxie Baer wrecked Schmeling.

The count went on to five and Mike was trembling where he stood in the corner by the ropes, with the little rivers of blood on his face and his great chest going up and down.

Then Henry was up and hustling away, and Mike was upon him. Watts knew about Mike's left, so he grabbed his right and they wrestled along the ropes. The referee came between them and the crowd's roar rose and swelled and deflated like Mike's chest, only to rise again like great surf.

And they stood and punched, with Mike using one big fist and damning all the world because he could not use his left, then clubbing with his right and chasing the champion across the ring. Henry drew back a desperate right and Mike saw what he was going to do. You can beat a right hand in only one way and that is to throw your left. Mike got it up from somewhere and he swung it like a baseball bat. The water sprayed from Henry's hair as his shoulder blades hit the deck. The mouthpiece came free of Mike's lips and rolled next to Henry's foot. Mike shouted out loud against the pain in his hand and he was like an animal in the corner. But the count went on and the champion did not get up, so that Mike forgot the pain as the arm grew dull and Whitey and half the world were jubilantly on his neck.

WHITEY got half drowned reaching under the shower to rub and wash away the blood and the greasy sweat from Mike's great body. Lace and rope wounds were deep in the flesh of his back; his fatigue was great and heavy. But he kept on shouting, and the more he shouted the more new energy he was able to borrow. Only when he moved his left hand did his jubilation cease.

He struggled, with assistance, into his clothes, though Whitey kept saying, "I want the doc to see that hand, you maniac!" But not until Mike got back to Bridgeport was the hand examined.

The doctor came and said things about the hand, and his words were metallic incisions into the silence. Rose went to Mike. He was pale and his lips were tight together. He shook his head and said sadly, "It shouldn'a happened, Rose. It ain't right, honey. Just when I needed it most."

Rose was mute and calculating. She hated herself for her swift, surging satisfaction. But she was glad the hand was ruined for fighting, if it wasn't ruined for anything else. The doctor continued gravely at his work and Mike was taken briefly to a hospital. He returned one hour later, his hand in a cast.

His face was blanched; his eyes were sunk back in his head. But somehow he was handsome now; he wasn't frothing at the mouth like an animal. Mike was rueful but he was tender. "I would've been a good champ, maybe," he said. "I wouldn'a been a phony. I lick that Watts with one hand, honey. I win easy. I could run our joint like Braddock's, like Dempsey's—"

But Rose just clung to him; she dared not look at him any longer; she dared not betray that she was glad.

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Poffenberger Pitching

Continued from page 20

immediately. At this Mr. Cronin marched halfway out to the pitcher's mound and addressed Mr. Poffenberger. "Take a good look at this park," he yelled, "and particularly at this lovely afternoon sun. It's the last time you'll see it. From now on you'll be back under those lights with the yokels, where a fresh busher like you belongs."

Mr. Cronin then returned to the batter's box, where the next pitch almost tore off his caboose. He went to first. Before the inning was over Boston had scored ten runs and Boots had long since retired to the shadows.

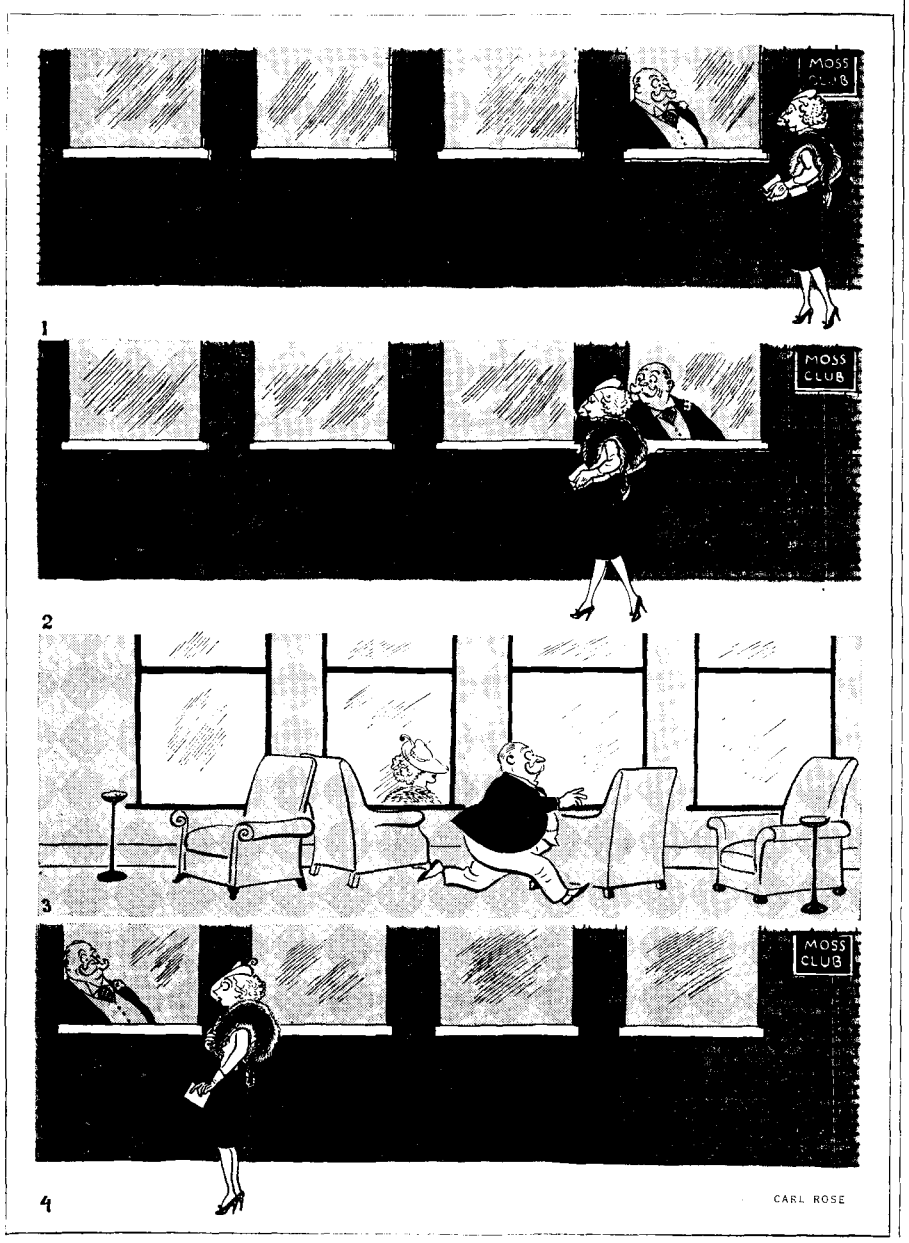
But Cronin was wrong in thinking that Poffenberger would be back under lights, traveling by busses. He was up and around this season, perky as ever. At the moment when the $100 fine floored him, he was in slightly bad odor with the rest of the club. Not only were the players required to be in at midnight but unless they were down for breakfast at 9:45 they had to pay for their own grub, something that is death for any athlete. Mr. Poffenberger solved it for himself by being down exactly at 9:45, filling himself to the ears with wheat cakes, ham and pie—and then returning to the hay for a snooze that would last to around one o'clock.

Young Boots is a throwback to something. He is likable, he is dead game and he is independent. If he looks on the flowing beaker, it is out of no evil design—it means merely that he has met congenial companions. If the boss wants him to pitch to the hitters in batting practice, warm up for eight innings and pitch the remainder of a sixteen-inning game, he'll be in there doing it. He can field like wild; he can hit; he will take the leg off anybody who attempts to halt him in mid-flight. If he can stick in the big leagues, he will come out better than most players, for the club only pays him spending money, keeping the rest in trust for him.

The other players can't buy him anything and can't lend him money, under penalty of execution by Cochrane in person. The gentleman is a mystery to himself, just as he is a mystery to Mickey. In a way he is a philosopher. About the New York Yankees he says: "Just when you think you've got them they've got *you*." But he likes a battle with a team like that. Every batter is a personal enemy; it's a crusade, with Brother Poffenberger mounted on a white charger trying to spear every infidel on sight. He doesn't think he's the greatest pitcher in the world but he has a firm conviction that he can somehow outgame and beat down the villains.

When the curve is working, he is unhittable, but he will be truthful to you about that matter also. "I can't make it out nohow," he admits. "Sometimes I grab her and she's there; other times, she ain't."

When she ain't, he gets plastered. However, there are men who will tell you that Boots is going to be around a long time. Someday he's going to find what makes the world tick. At least he knows that it *does* tick, which can't be said of other dumb gentlemen who come and go, and who cares?



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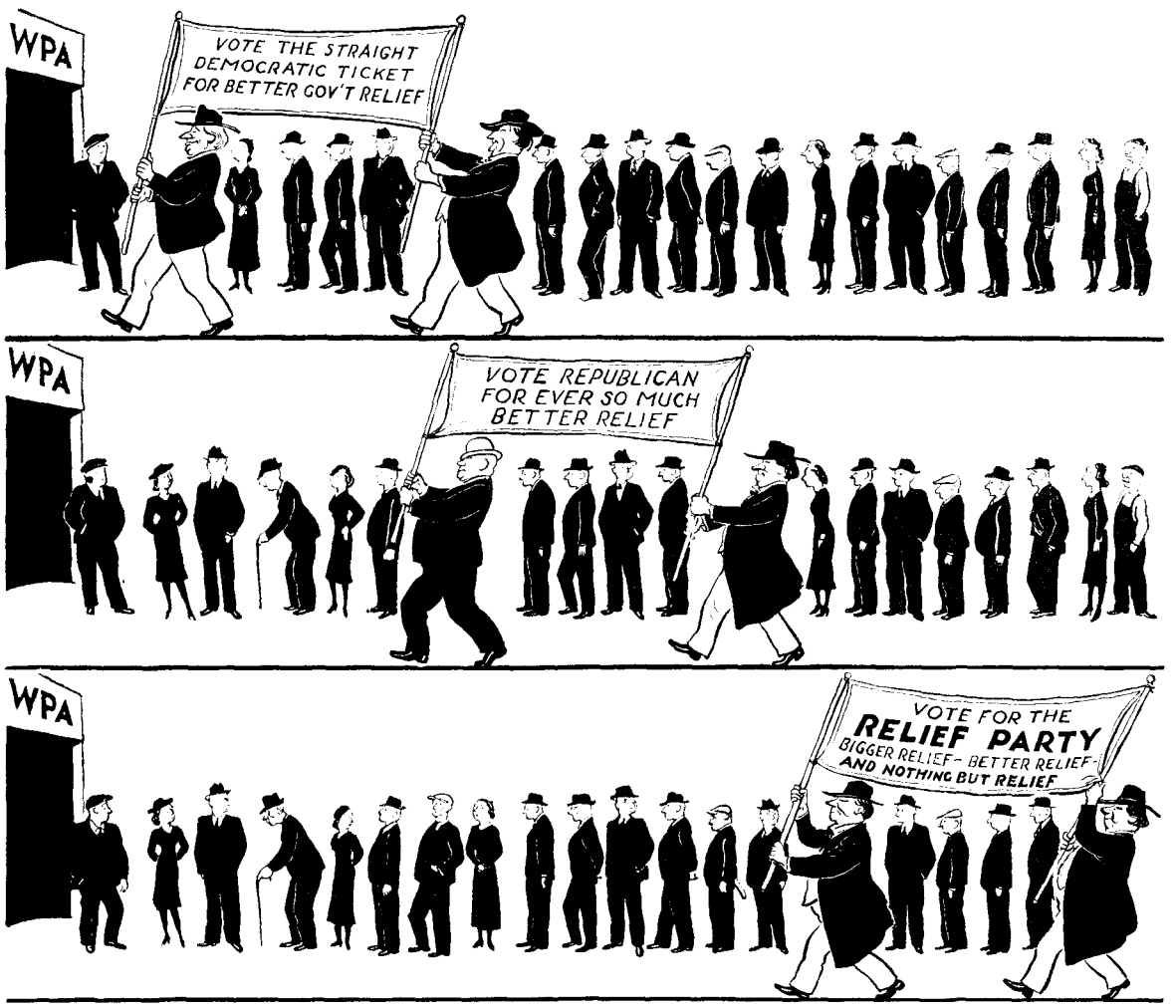
Clean up Relief!


WPA
VOTE THE STRAIGHT DEMOCRATIC TICKET FOR BETTER GOV'T RELIEF
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WPA
VOTE FOR THE RELIEF PARTY
BIGGER RELIEF - BETTER RELIEF - AND NOTHING BUT RELIEF

PRESSURE groups" is one of the new phrases that the high-brow young statesmen in Washington love to roll over their tongues.

A pressure group actually is a lobby but the small sociologists perspiring at the capital like to make two or more words do the work of one. At first the lobbies were deplored and denounced as evil. Now the statesmen want pressure groups of their own.

Most tempting to these new statesmen are those on relief. The Census Bureau made some computations and the numbers of those getting money in one way and another from the government seemed invitingly large. The statisticians reckon that approximately sixteen per cent of the total population are getting government benefits directly or indirectly. These households represent 20,050,000 individuals who are, of course, not all voters.

When even an amateur politician thinks of voters in such wholesale lots his mouth waters and his thoughts begin to go slightly goofy. The hitherto most inoffensive social worker begins to think of himself as a powerful political boss. Even relief money can buy votes. So queer ideas are expressed by the dispensers of public charity. They have now abandoned the notion that the federal government is extending emergency aid to those temporarily unemployed and unable to support themselves. They say the national government will permanently distribute bounty and that the beneficiaries must organize politically to elect officials pledged to bounteous gifts of tax money.

Aubrey Williams, deputy WPA administrator, expressed such ideas very plainly to the Workers' Alliance, a radical organization of those on relief. "I have the feeling that you have something here that nobody can ever destroy," said Mr. Williams. "I have the feeling that as long as you and I live the government is going to support symphonies. And the same thing goes for painting and writing. There may be lapses. But I have got a conviction that the American people have tasted blood here. The men who stand for these sort of things are the men you are going to send to the elections."

It does not do to underestimate the American people. Aubrey Williams and others responsible for relief policies make the mistake of rating their fellow citizens much too low. The public relief trough isn't good enough by far for self-respecting citizens.

Government relief, like private charity, is a last resort and not a permanent means of subsistence to be won by political organization. It is not conceivable that our present government, or any government, could borrow or print enough money to provide a satisfactory standard of living for millions of American families.

It is no service to those on relief, or those who support themselves, to urge recipients of public bounty to enter politics as a relief party. Partisan considerations of any kind inevitably debase the administration of relief.

Liberalism or radicalism or toryism, for that matter, has no relationship to the kind of poverty that requires governmental relief. On the contrary, to the extent that political considerations are allowed to affect public relief to that extent public relief is prostituted.

The only possible way of administering relief decently is to keep it strictly nonpartisan. Just as soon as a needy man trades his vote for a favorable consideration from a governmental official, public bounty has become a factional weapon. We have only to recall the horror with which the needy used to view the poorhouse to realize the damage that politics inevitably inflicts upon relief.

The old spoils politicians have been only too eager to get their fat paws on the relief appropriations. Wherever they have succeeded, scandals have arisen. The politician cares about votes and the power votes bring him. He distributes bounty to those who keep him in office. He is not interested in the exigencies of those outside his faction.

With exceptions, the administration of federal relief was kept out of politics at first. It would be tragic if, through the creation of a relief party, public charity were now to be thrown back into politics. Favoritism, waste of public funds, neglect of the helpless, are the inevitable products of that variety of administration.

The brutal fact is that as we are at present organized a considerable number of people are unemployed and helpless through no fault of their own. Fair-minded people of all varieties of political faith are agreed that the government must aid those unable to aid themselves. Opinions differ as to method, but in recent years no responsible spokesman of any important political group has offered any substitute for governmental relief.

By the same token every political party has recorded its desire and determination to restore the unemployed to jobs. Any other program is rank defeat. What young American wants to look forward to a place on the relief rolls?

Ambition, enterprise and hope are not dead or dormant. The young people, the middle-aged and even the old are stirred by desires and expectations that can never be satisfied by any form of public benevolence.

The administrators of relief who really care about the plight of those who look to government for support will do well to clarify their muddy thought. No government, democratic, socialist, communist, fascist, is going to provide relief on a scale sufficiently generous to gratify the desires of any normal American. Relief is not, and cannot, in the very nature of things, become a satisfactory substitute for the rewards of productive work.

The present urgent necessity is to cleanse the relief rolls of all those who now receive governmental bounty because of politics. Cleanse the rolls of those able to care for themselves and the government will have more to distribute to those in honest need. Less politics and not more politics is the only intelligent policy in the administration of public aid.

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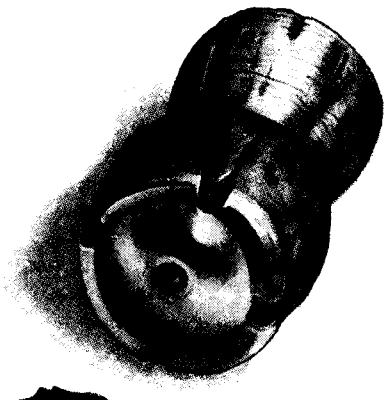
The story of the 3 wise corks



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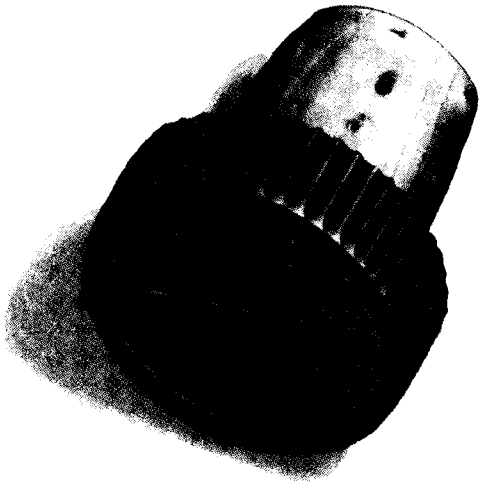

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